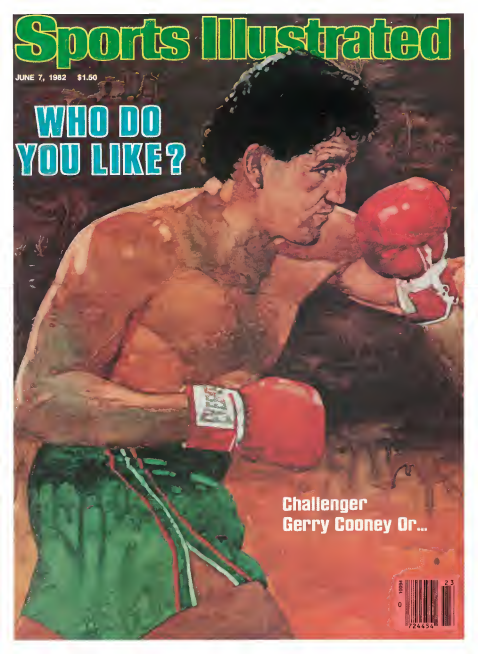


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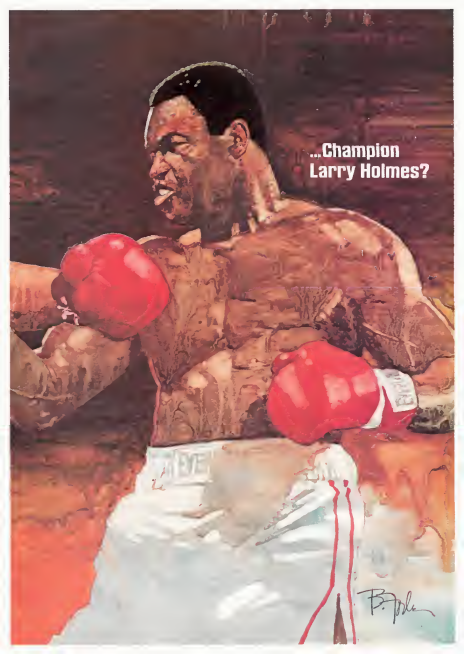


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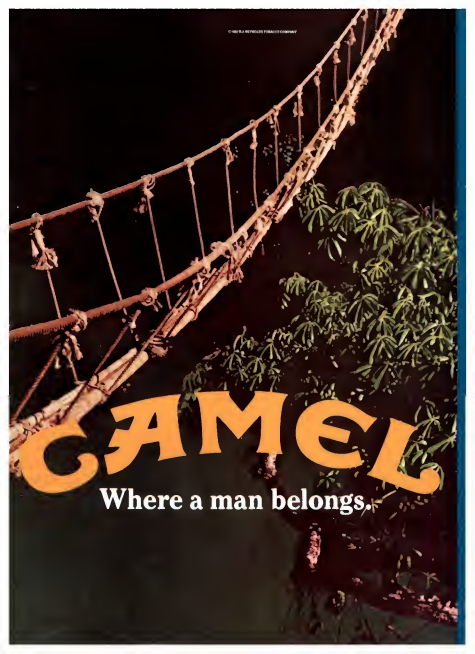
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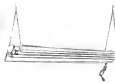
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



MAX, CAROLYN AND LYLE: SHE LAUGHS LAST

"I am really not sure if I am addressing this letter to the correct person," began Carolyn A. Moore, librarian of Pond Creek-Hunter High School in Pond Creek, Okla. "If I am not, would you please send it on to the proper person?"

What Moore went on to say was that her school's copy of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, "one of the most checked-out magazines to which we subscribe," kept falling apart. "It does not stand up under all this 'loving attention,'" she wrote. "I think if you could possibly consider using three staples per copy instead of two. . . . All the other magazines that we receive are put together with at least three staples, and they seem to withstand usage much better."

Her letter made its way to Managing Editor Gil Rogin, who passed it on to Assistant Managing Editor Mark Mulvoy. "I dare say that in all my years with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, your letter ranks as the most curious to cross my desk," Mulvoy wrote Moore, going on to explain that *SI* is printed and bound in five plants across the country. "Three of the plants bind the magazine with three staples, two bind a with two staples. Your magazine is printed and bound at a plant in Chicago, which happens (with Los Angeles) to be a two-staple plant. . . . Now that we have

a complaint we are examining the entire matter of staples." The result: All five plants now bind the magazine with three staples.

Last month Moore was able to reply, "Aha! The little voice on the prairie was heard! When I took my original letter to my school's principal for permission to mail, the principal and the football coach, Lyle Welsh, both laughed at me. But our April 12 issue arrived with THREE staples, and you can just bet that when I received your letter I immediately showed it to both our school's 'Doubting Thomases.'"

"I am not a complainer," Moore said last week. "The only other time I wrote to somebody was when I complained to Sears a couple of years ago that the store in nearby Enid was going to discontinue my brand of support hose. A man called from New York to tell me I could still order my hose, and now I buy three dozen pairs at a time, I feel so guilty." She felt just about as guilty when *SI* photographer Heinz Klutmeier showed up in Pond Creek to take her picture. "A couple of teachers said he was in town to literally shoot me for all the fuss I've created," she said.

Fact is, we couldn't be more pleased that Moore is pleased. For years she has variously restapled, posted, paper-clipped, taped (with fiber tape along the inside seam and three-inch plastic tape along the outside of the binding) and tied together the school's lone copy of *SI*. "Even the fact that the swimsuit issue mysteriously got lost every year and I had to go out and buy another didn't bother me as much," she said.

Perhaps as satisfying to Moore is the fact that the principal who laughed at her for writing happens to be her husband, Max. "Of all the people to be in *SI*!" she said. "Max coached the Class B state champion football and girls' basketball teams at Braham High in the early seventies, and my daughter Cindy swims and was on the track and basketball teams. Me? I read good books."

Philip D. Howard

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BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

A NOSTALGIC TRIP TO RIGHT PLACES AT THE RIGHT TIMES (OR THE WRONG ONES)

When the U.S. 4-x-100-meter relay team finished first at the 1948 Olympics in London but then was disqualified for an illegal hand-off, Harold Conrad was there, knew the people who had films of the race, arranged for them to be shown to officials and was responsible for the reversal of the incorrect decision and for the Americans' returning home with their gold medals.

When Fidel Castro marched into Havana in the final stage of his revolution and "the town [had] gone wild," Conrad was there at the bar of the Havana Hilton, drinking Cuban coffee and brandy and cutting up old touches with Ernest Hemingway, whom he called Pops because he had trouble saying Papa. Conrad was still with Hemingway and therefore included when Castro sent an emissary to say that Fidel would be honored if Hemingway and his party joined him for another coffee.

When Bugsy Siegel slugged a stranger in the bar of the biggest illegal gambling joint in the country, knocked him down and kicked him "twice in the ribs with his pointed George Raft elevated shoes," Conrad was there as PR man and could report the incident to Bugsy's and his own then boss, Frank Costello, and hear Costello say, "That's very bad manners. He never shoulda kicked him."

You may gather, correctly, that Conrad possesses two of the indispensable qualifications for a successful promoter and publicity man: He knows all the right (and wrong) people, and he has the knack for being in the right (and wrong) place at the right time. And now he has put 35 years of his experiences with all kinds of people—the sole requirement being that they're famous—in all kinds of places, especially bars and sports arenas, into a book, *Dear Muffo* (Stein and Day, \$14.95). Why it is called *Dear Muffo* is the least of the reasons it is an unparalleled voyage of pleasurable nostalgia.

Conrad was a sportswriter on the old Brooklyn Eagle, a drinking buddy of the

Winchells, Runyons, Hemingways and Hellingers, and a confidant of many of the champion athletes of the day. His career in sports continued long after the Eagle folded in 1955. Conrad publicized many of Ali's fights, Evel Knievel's Snake River Canyon jump and dozens of other extravaganzas. While his attempt to revive the six-day bike races at Madison Square Garden with the aid of Sophie Tucker was merely a funny, and costly, failure, there was nothing amusing about the years of effort he put in to regain public acceptance for Ali after the champ was, in effect, banished from boxing because of his opposition to the Vietnam war. That campaign was successful; it was Conrad who put together Ali's return bout, against Jerry Quarry, in Atlanta, which eventually led to Ali's showdowns with Joe Frazier.

In reading Conrad's reminiscences, it's amusing to note how often he and other principals were wrong in their judgments of people and events.

- Hemingway refused to have that coffee with Castro. "I'm an expert on revolutions," he said. "In six months, maybe a year, he'll be gone and I'll still be here."

- Conrad learned, too late, why his promotion of the Ali-Ali (Blue) Lewis bout in Dublin was destined to be a financial failure when a local in a pub told him, "It's an affront to ask an Irishman to pay to see a fight."

- Sonny Liston, taken by Conrad to an early Beatles concert, listened to one number and growled, "Is them bums what all this fuss is about? Sheet, man, mah dawg play better drums than that kid with the big nose." (Conrad makes a case—circumstantial and psychological—to support his conviction that Liston didn't die of an overdose of drugs administered by his own hand, but was murdered.)

The publishers of *Dear Muffo* have also erred. Apparently in the belief that Conrad isn't enough of a name to carry the front cover, they give equal billing to "Introduction by Budd Schulberg" and "Foreword by Norman Mailer," and they spoil the back cover with a typically inept sketch, of Conrad, by that darling of the artistically underscriminating LeRoy Neiman. Schulberg's tribute is sincere and fair enough. Mailer's bit is junk—and this book doesn't need either. Mailer is very pleased, as other adolescents will be, that the book contains a number of four-letter words. Read it anyway. **END**



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Sideline

by HOWARD EISENBERG

IF BASEBALL'S HEAD WERE ON STRAIGHT IT WOULD USE THE DESIGNATED SHRINK

Change in baseball is usually as slow-moving as a 250-pound umpire, but there are those in the game who believe that now is the time for the designated shrink, a psychologist who works closely with the players. Former San Francisco Manager Dave Bristol, now a Phillies coach, is one such proponent. "Look at all the sophisticated equipment a trainer uses to condition players' bodies," he says. "Sure, arms and legs are important. But so are players' heads."

Bristol's enthusiasm for sports psychologists is a direct result of personal experience. "When I was managing the Giants in 1980," he says, "we did great in spring training, but fell apart early in the season. I was so depressed I wondered if I'd be able to finish out the season. But I had a couple of sessions with Dr. Tom McGinnis, a sports psychologist, and got some things off my chest I wouldn't have told anyone else. He renewed my confidence, and in August we moved to within five games of first place. We fell back in September, but if Tom had worked with the whole team, the season might have had a different ending."

One might expect that McGinnis, a past president of the American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy, would be more at home in a consultation room than a dugout. But he earned varsity letters in baseball, basketball, tennis and track at Catawba College in North Carolina and empathizes as much with troubled athletes as with troubled families. His introduction to baseball psychotherapy came when former Catawba teammate and longtime major league coach Vern Benson, then managing the Triple A Syracuse Chiefs, invited him to work with high-potential players hampered by hang-ups.

Mike Stanton, now a relief pitcher with the Seattle Mariners, was one who worked with McGinnis. "Pitching is 95 percent mental," says Stanton. "The less uptight you are, the more fluid your motion. I've always been able to throw real hard, but I never had a lot of control. In four sessions, Tom taught me relaxation and self-hypnosis—how to ignore a sta-

dium full of screaming, hostile fans by focusing all my aggression on that hitter at the plate. It was amazing how that calmed me down and made me throw with more control."

At the plate, Gary Woods struggled with an equally nettlesome problem. "I was too defensive at the plate," says Woods, now a Chicago Cubs outfielder. "If a pitcher got two strikes on me, the third one was a foregone conclusion. I would overconcentrate to the point of not being able to get the wood off my shoulder. Tom spent two or three hours teaching me relaxation techniques. I became more aggressive, and my average improved. Whether it was Tom or just experience, I don't know, but the bottom line is I made it into the majors."

San Francisco Shortstop Johnnie LeMaster was already a big-leaguer when he and McGinnis had a two-hour session in the San Francisco bullpen. "The way the fans were on my case," says LeMaster, "I'd taken to stuffing my ears with cotton on the field. And I was pressing—worrying about striking out, because then I'd have to take that long walk back to the dugout with boos all the way. McGinnis works on positive thinking, getting rid of that negative stuff that gets into you when you've had a bad day or a worse week. I don't know to what degree Tom helped me in that short time, but I don't have the problem anymore."

Sports psychology is no newcomer to baseball. Two former Houston Astro executives remember that in 1972 their club put a psychologist on retainer for the season. Recalls Pat Gillick, then a Houston director of scouting and now a Toronto vice-president, "Players didn't make much use of the guy. They tended to be suspicious that the psychologist was working for management, trying to get inside their brains. And the manager thought the front office was making inroads into his area of responsibility."

Adds Tal Smith, then the Astros' vice-president and director of player personnel and now a consultant to major league teams, "Houston top management never really got behind the program. Without its support, the program never had a chance. But I was and still am a proponent of using a psychologist, because there are so many situations where professional counseling could be of value to both players and their teams. Anyone who plays professional baseball has dominated at the amateur level. He's never

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SIDELINE continued

had a problem striking out in key situations or getting hitters out. Suddenly there's a level of competition that creates a very stressful situation, and some very fine prospects are unable to cope with this. There are problems with player-manager relations and with the sensitive egos of performers, and with some major league fathers who can be even worse than Little League fathers. And what about the three top draft choice catchers who developed psychological blocks about returning the ball to the pitcher?"

Not surprisingly, McGinnis, who has occasionally served as designated shrink for players on the Blue Jays, Braves, Cardinals, Reds, Giants and Yankees, believes that baseball teams need staff psychologists to treat stressed psyches every bit as much as they need trainers to treat stress fractures. "Managers have told me," he says, "that, at best, the athlete can be expected to hone his physical skills only another six to eight percent once he has made it to the majors. With the mind—where confidence, drive and enthusiasm are generated—the possibilities are unlimited, yet that's an area that's usually ignored."

"Major league players aren't pitching, hitting and fielding machines. Fans have little comprehension of the stresses their heroes and goats labor under. I've had managers tell me that a player is homesick, hard to manage, immature, anxious, has marital problems, shows homosexual tendencies, is a hypochondriac or a compulsive drinker or has threatened to kill the third-base coach. Authoritarian managers can be part of the problem, along with player rivalries, the endless nothing-to-do-on-the-road traveling and, worst of all, the daily pressure to win."

Baseball fields are, in fact, diamond-shaped pressure cookers. Says Stanton, "You play 162 games. There are quick ups and really hard downs. And the next day, everybody in the country knows what you did or didn't do. There are only 640 of us, and there's always someone bigger and faster coming up behind you. After the season, it takes me a good month to relax."

How soon the designated shrink comes to the rescue depends on player and management acceptance. "Baseball has been remiss in not utilizing sports psychologists," says Smith. "But it'll have to be done on a voluntary basis. You can't force athletes to open up their lives for examination by someone unless

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SIDELINE continued

they're completely comfortable with him." Adds Gillick, "If a player is willing to accept help, our organization will recommend someone for him to see. We sent one of our best young prospects to McGinnis just before the season started. If I were sure players would accept the service, we'd probably move faster."

Woods and LeMaster have no such doubts. "It's true that players who are doing well to begin with probably wouldn't want anything to do with a psychologist," says LeMaster. "But the player who's struggling would probably jump at the opportunity. You'd have to have a capable man who knows athletes and how they think, maybe who's been one himself—not some witch doctor who puts guys under a spell."

Stanton thinks acceptance would be about what it is for baseball's Sunday Bible studies. "Half would go and half wouldn't," he says. "The player who's going out for 24, who's tried everything from switching shoes and batting gloves to having a guy on a hitting streak kiss his but, will be the first one on line to see the designated shrink. In baseball, survival is definitely of the fittest. Anybody who works at it can have a great body. Getting your head in shape is the tough part."

Bristol is optimistic about the future of the DS. "Somebody has to jump out in front," he says. "The other clubs will follow." For the team that dares to be first, McGinnis has worked with son Tom Jr., also a psychologist, to design a complete psychological-services plan—from counseling players and providing orientations for coaches and managers during winter ball and spring training to on-call sessions during the season. "Baseball would be more exciting if more players lived up to their potential, played with the cockiness of a Pete Rose or the unflappable calm of a Tom Seaver," says the elder McGinnis. "And there'd be a lot less human waste. Players would be better adjusted, extend their careers, play better ball for the fans and make more money for management. Everybody would benefit."

Along the way, baseball could get a whole new set of heroes—guys who never swing a bat or throw a ball. Says Dave Bristol, "What the sports psychologist does is turn up a light that's been dim so it comes on bright again. And the team that's got the players, with the brightest lights is going to win."

END





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Of course, government, business, labor, hospitals, consumers, and insurance companies are trying to cut health care costs. But cost shifting doesn't solve anything. It merely shifts the responsibility to someone else.

For their part, insurance companies are doing more than ever before to keep costs down, by paying for outpatient surgery... for second opinions that can reduce unnecessary surgery... for hospital pre-admission testing... and for home care. They also review fees and charges to make sure they are fair.

Unfortunately, cost shifting undermines these efforts. The best solution to this problem, we believe, is to have all patients charged on a fair and equal basis. This isn't theory; it's a reality in two states. In Maryland and New Jersey, strong incentives are provided for hospitals to cut costs wherever possible. As a result, Medicare and Medicaid have agreed to pay on the same basis for the same hospital services as everyone else.

By removing the hidden tax in hospital bills, we can help eliminate cost shifting and contain the cost of health care for everyone.



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Footloose

by JILL LIEBER

YOU MISSED ASPEN LAST WINTER—HOW ABOUT SAND SKIING AT CONEY ISLAND?

It used to be that, when lying on the beach on a hot summer day, your biggest worry was being bonked by an errant Frisbee. Now you should keep an eye out for sand skiers. There aren't many of them, but they're there, industriously slogging away.

Although even in California—where the sport started, of course—sand skiing will probably never take the place of roller skating in Venice, skim boarding at Laguna Beach, or volleyball at Malibu, it may soon find its way into the repertoires of beach bums who are perpetually looking for brand-new ways to have fun-fun-fun. All it takes is ordinary cross-country ski gear—wooden skis without wax or skis with plastic, no-wax bottoms, and lots of muscle.

Actually, sand skiing is not a whole lot of fun-fun-fun: it's extremely grueling and seems meant mostly for people who are so deep into wintertime cross-country skiing that they can't bear the thought of an endless, skiless summer. Because sand is nowhere near as slippery-slippery as snow, forward progress requires great effort. The ski techniques used by the desperate hot-weather fanatics on sand look roughly like snowshoeing, and their movements resemble those one might make wading in waist-deep water—short, choppy and laborious.

"I'd suggest this for someone who doesn't want to be off skis in the spring, summer and fall," says Wayne Northrup, the owner of Adventure Ski and Sporting Goods, Inc., in Brooklyn, who confines his sand skiing to Coney Island. "Despite no glide, sand skiing can be used to train for cross-country skiing. And it's great for toning your arms, stomach and legs. I think it would be a perfect training diversion for long-distance runners. The first time I did it, I was exhausted after three blocks."

Sand skiing competitions have been held on both coasts, mostly in California, and Northrup, who has almost single-handedly taken on the sport's cause in the East, plans to sponsor races at Coney Island. The beginners' trail is right in front of Nathan's Famous.

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NASCAR Driver



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FORD MUSTANG GT



TUBE COUP

The fledgling United States Football League (USFL, May 24) has landed a network TV contract, a breakthrough that gives the USFL instant credibility. None other than *Roone Arledge*, the ranking genius and eternal innovator of network news and sports, will be shelling out \$22 million of ABC's money for the privilege of covering the upstart league's first two seasons, which will run from March through June beginning in 1983. What's more, Arledge had to outbid NBC to get the deal, thus creating the remarkable and unprecedented spectacle of a network bidding war over rights to a league that won't even play its first game for another nine months. Under the terms of the contract, during the USFL's inaugural season ABC will carry 17 regular-season games—one in prime time, the others on Sunday afternoons—plus two playoff games and the league championship game.

The tie-in with ABC will undoubtedly make it easier for the USFL to attract players and coaches, not to mention fans. It should also make deals for the use of stadiums easier to close. Perhaps best of all, it will enable the USFL to be flexible—and less desperate—in arranging a supplemental package of national cable (or superstation) and local telecasts. Mike Trager, the USFL's TV consultant and the man who negotiated the ABC contract for the league, says, "Now we can look for quality exposure in our other TV arrangements. We're not forced to go for the biggest money. For example, even if the income is less, we might go for over-the-air local channels because they're received in many more homes than most local cable services. Our criterion is no longer only money—and that's a great advantage."

Not that the money is unimportant. USFL clubs, like those in the NFL, will share all TV revenues equally, and each will receive a tidy sum. The ABC deal will produce about \$900,000 per season for each of the USFL's 12 franchises, and league officials expect to secure cable and local TV contracts worth another \$600,000 per annum per team. The \$1.5 million-per-team total is a pittance, of

course, compared to the \$14.2 million that each NFL club will receive from that league's lavish new three-network package—but then, the NFL is light years ahead of all other pro sports leagues. This includes baseball, which pools its network TV revenues but not receipts from local telecasts and, as a consequence, has huge disparities in income among individual teams. For example, while the Montreal Expos' success in tapping virtually the entire Canadian market has swollen their TV income to a near-NFLish \$10 million a year, the Kansas City Royals, Seattle Mariners and Milwaukee Brewers, all of which operate in TV tank towns, get only \$3 million a year each. In the NBA, another league that doesn't share local broadcast revenues, there may be one or two established franchises—the Indiana Pacers, for instance—whose annual income from television is less than the \$1.5 million that each USFL club stands to take in. Indeed, the average broadcast revenues in the NBA work out to barely \$2 million per team, and that includes TV-rich clubs like the Celtics and Lakers. It's also important to note that the USFL will have lower travel expenses and generally lower player salaries than either baseball or the NBA; the USFL brass is thinking in terms of club payrolls in the neighborhood of \$2 million vs. roughly \$5 million in baseball and \$3 million or more for a typical NBA club. The comparable figure in the NFL is at least \$4 million.

None of this guarantees that the USFL will automatically become a staple of the American sports diet. Even Arledge cautions that the USFL may not be an instant hit in the ratings, saying, "Given time and given exposure, we expect the ratings to grow." And even if the ratings are promising at first, there's no assurance that the USFL will have staying power. As the NHL and the NASL both found out when network contracts were canceled because of sagging ratings, TV can show people a game, but it can't make them like it. But this much is sure: The USFL's contract with ABC gives it a foundation to build on that no other abhorring professional sports league has ever enjoyed.

SAY, AREN'T YOU BILL WALSH?

Celebrities receive oral greetings, requests for autographs and similar expressions of recognition from strangers all the time. But San Francisco 49er Coach Bill Walsh was treated to something different in the way of public acknowledgment the other day while vacationing in La Jolla, Calif. Walking along a beach, Walsh was recognized by a paunchy, middle-aged man who excitedly began gesturing in the manner of NFL players



and field officials. As Walsh watched in bemusement, the fellow called for a fair catch and indicated a time-out and a holding penalty before finally raising his arms to signal a touchdown.

A PACKAGE DEAL YOU CAN'T REFUSE

Like a lot of losing teams, the Utah Jazz has a small but faithful nucleus of season-ticket holders but hasn't had much luck attracting a broader following. Recently the Jazz, which drew an average of just 7,700 fans a game this season and says it needs to raise that to nearly 10,000 to turn a profit, came up with a novel scheme for filling seats. The club has enlisted season ticket-holders to, in effect, sell tickets. The key to the plan is what may or may not be—depending on how one looks at it—a dramatic increase for the 1982-83 season in the price of the best seats. These tickets sold for \$10 and

continued

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Issued in cooperation with The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, an edition of 1,000, the replica is hand finished, journey marked, numbered and dated. It is approximately 22 inches high with American Walnut base, three-fourths the size of the Remington original.

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SCORECARD (continued)

\$12 in 1981-82, and they will now cost \$20 and \$30, respectively. However, customers actually are being offered a package deal because they will be given a "bonus" of two lower-priced season tickets for each higher-priced one purchased. For example, the buyer of a \$20 ticket will get two tickets that sold this season for \$5 or \$7.50 each. A purchaser of a \$30 ticket will receive two additional tickets that sold for \$10 or \$12. Buyers can either sell the bonus tickets or give them away; in the case of corporations, which have made up a good share of the Jazz's season ticket-holders in past years, the tickets presumably would be distributed among employees. The club apparently assumed that ardent Jazz fans would be willing to swallow hard and pay the higher prices rather than be left out in the cold.

After the plan was announced, some season ticket-holders complained that the Jazz was taking advantage of people who supported the team and had priced tickets out of the reach of all but the wealthiest purchasers. One holder of season tickets grumbled, "You're asking us to pay \$30 a seat and then become a salesman for you." Undeterred by such criticism, the club gave its 2,800 1981-82 season ticket-holders until May 1 to commit themselves to renew their seats for next season. Roughly 1,600 of them did so, the automatic result being that the Jazz had sold—unloaded might be the better word—4,800 season tickets for 1982-83. With the sale of season tickets now open to the public at large, a Jazz spokeswoman says that team officials are "all smiles" over how well the unique arrangement appears to be working. She also says that three other NBA teams have approached the Jazz for information about the scheme.

ON VACATION, AS ALWAYS

During a 13-year major league career that may now be over, Bill Lee established himself as a worthy successor to such madcap left-handed pitchers as Rube Waddell and Lefty Gomez. A star of mound (his big league record is 119-90), screen (he was the subject of a feature-length documentary, *Bill Lee: A Profile of a Pitcher*, that had a run last year in a Montreal theater) and innumerable *They Said It's in this magazine* (Lee, on visiting China: "Now I'll get to see the real Big Red Machine"), Lee, a/k/a

continued



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Maybe. But, as a New York Life Agent, I know it's not always that simple. If you become sick—or are injured or take a high-risk job—you could be shut out of life insurance just when you need it.

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“Ask me.”



Spaceman, had a knack for infuriating his superiors. Example: He once was fined by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for telling reporters that he'd sprinkled marijuana on his backwater pancakes. Another example: Two years ago, following a pep talk delivered to the Expo players by club President John McHale, Lee deadpanned, "He said we'd come a long way. We'd only come from St. Louis." That last bon mot prompted Dick Williams, then the Montreal manager, to observe that Lee, who at the time had a 3-6 record, "sounds a lot funnier when he's winning."

Lee also failed to amuse Expo management when he stormed out of the clubhouse just before a game against the Dodgers last month to protest the team's release of Second Baseman Rodney Scott. Lee went to a bar, where he shot pool and had a couple of beers before returning to Olympic Stadium, by which time the Expos were in the seventh inning of a 10-8 loss. The next morning Lee faced the music. When McHale arrived at his office, he turned on the lights and found the pitcher sitting cross-legged on the floor, working on a peanut-butter sandwich and a quart of milk. Lee was fined \$5,000 and released. Since then, no other club has shown an interest in picking up the 35-year-old Lee and his \$300,000 salary, and Lee has kept busy as a left-handed second baseman on a softball team representing a Montreal bar called the Longest Yard. During one recent game he went 5 for 6, with three home runs, fielded flawlessly and bustered with teammates and spectators, one of whom asked him, "Hey, where you going to work this year, Bill?" Spaceman's reply, as reported by the Montreal Gazette's Michael Farber, succinctly summed up his attitude toward his life as a major league baseball player: "I haven't worked since I was eight."

AN OPPORTUNITY IN PRO SPORTS

In a recent flyer announcing a job opening for an assistant director of sports information, Stanford's athletic department noted that applicants should have, among other qualifications, an "ability to work with a wide variety of professionals—sportswriters, newscasters, coaches, administrators, athletes, etc., in a sensitive environment characterized by divergent interests and heavy pressures." One peruser of that job description suggests

that if the NCAA decides to try to find out more about the "professional" athletes referred to in the flyer, those toiling in the sensitive environment of Stanford's athletic department could be subjected to heavier pressures still.

"HEALTH AND HONOR"

Sugar Ray Leonard held a press conference last week in the ballroom of a Washington, D.C. hotel; it was his first public appearance since undergoing surgery on May 9 to repair the partially detached retina of his left eye. To protect the eye, Leonard wore non-prescription glasses that, he said, "look better than a patch." After the press conference, the welterweight champion retired to a room in the hotel with several writers, including SI's Pat Putnam, and removed the glasses. The eye was bloodshot, giving him the appearance, Putnam says, of "half a boxing writer."

During both the press conference and the smaller gathering afterward, Leonard discussed his eye injury and its likely effect on his career. He had first experienced vision difficulties in his left eye while training for a title fight against Roger Stafford, scheduled for May 14, and "would grab or move away while sparring, things I normally wouldn't do. One day I got hit with a right alongside the head and a glob of Alboline [a cream used to help prevent cuts] got in my right eye. I thought, 'God, not my right eye, too.' I thought my right eye had fallen out. I went to my corner and said, 'I'm cut.' They told me it was just Alboline. But I couldn't go back to boxing that day. No way. I stayed the rest of the day in my room."

When the decision was made to operate on his retina, Leonard said he experienced "more butterflies than before a fight." He said the worst part of the ordeal was "when the nurse came in and gave me the shots. Her hands were cold and the shots stung." After the operation, he continued, "I forced open my left eye, and up until now I've been afraid to tell anybody what I saw because I was afraid they would look me up. It was like a split screen. Through the bottom half I saw the people who were with me in the room. Through the top half I saw paradise—little birds chirping, little animals and everything a beautiful green. And I wasn't afraid."

Although he said he hadn't given

much thought to returning to the ring, he allowed at another point, "I've been thinking of Marvin Hagler and that another title would look good on my résumé." He characterized Hagler, the middleweight champ, as "kind of like a skyscraper. I think to beat him would be kind of neat." But Leonard also said, "Leaving the ring with all my health and with honor is a major factor. I worked too hard for what I have accomplished to go into the ring now and not be among the best. I can't go in and think, 'Hey, my eye, don't hit it.'" Leonard emphasized that the final decision about whether to resume fighting will be his alone. If he retires, he said, he would miss the "challenge" but not the adulation. "I can handle that. I've got nothing to prove. I've destroyed the animals and the monsters."

TWILIGHT TIME

In marked contrast with the many pro athletes who have conspicuously inflated opinions of themselves, Oakland A's reserve Outfielder Rick Bosetti has asked for his outright release at the end of this season, explaining, "I'm realistic enough to know I'm in the twilight of a mediocre career." That refreshingly candid statement by the 28-year-old Bosetti, a six-year major league veteran, obviously struck a responsive chord among Oakland fans. A Rick Bosetti Fan Club was immediately formed, and its officers have now begun making plans to stage a Rick Bosetti Night. They expect to hold the event at twilight.

THEY SAID IT

- John Lowenstein, Baltimore Oriole outfielder: "The secret to keeping winning streaks going is to maximize the victories while at the same time minimizing the defeats."
- Ralph Houk, Red Sox manager and former Yankee reserve catcher, on Boston's seldom-used catcher, Roster La Francios: "He's my Ralph Houk."
- Dan Rooney, Pittsburgh Steeler president, after his club cut ticket prices from \$13.25 to \$13 because of the expiration of a 25¢ surcharge that had been levied since 1970 to defray the cost of stadium construction bonds, modestly suggesting that such a price reduction might be something of a novelty: "This isn't only a first for the Steelers but a first in the history of the world."

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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 7, 1983



Wee Gordy Wins Big

All along the Indianapolis Speedway's Gasoline Alley there is a cast-in-concrete image of Gordon Johncock: a shy, likable little guy, one people are perpetually rooting for but only halfheartedly, because they know to wish too hard for Johncock to succeed is an exercise in frustration. He's hopelessly unlucky. If something can go wrong, it's sure to go wrong for Wee Gordy. Still, the sentiment and respect are undeniable. He's admired because he drives with his heart.

With 13 laps remaining in the 1982 Indy 500, Johncock was leading the race, having gotten there largely on heart. For the first 155 laps his STP Wildcat-Cosworth hadn't handled well at all, and he had had to wrestle it every mile of the way. Somehow he had kept the car in contention. Then,

continued



Little Gordon Johncock had been a hard-luck Indy driver, but at 45 he made the grandest of Indy 500s his

by SAM MOSES

Johncock pluckily held off Mears all the way to Victory Lane.

from Lap 155 to Lap 187, the Wildcat had turned perfect on him, and Johncock had moved from fourth into the lead, past Rick Mears, the heavy favorite, driving a Penske-Ford, whose 207-mph qualifying speed made it the fastest car in the history of the Brickyard. Now, after holding Mears off and gaining a few seconds in the pits, Johncock led by 12 seconds.

A 12-second lead with 13 laps to go is a big one for most people. But the 5' 7" Johncock isn't most people and he, more than any of the 400,000 witnesses to this sprint to the checkered flag, knew it. Almost predictably, Johncock felt the handling of his car begin to deteriorate again. His left rear tire was overheating, causing it to expand and thus make the car "push" through the turns. Mears began to close on Johncock at the rate of one second per lap.

"I was running as hard as I could go," he said later. "I was looking in my mirror every lap and I could see Mears coming. I thought, 'Yep, here it is again.'"

Johncock had lost so many 500-mile races near the finish to bad luck—blown tires, dry gas tanks—that he had a right to feel the way he did. The more his car pushed, the bigger Mears loomed in his mirror. Johncock began thinking about the 1977 500, which he was leading by four seconds with 16 laps to go when his engine swallowed the crankshaft. The sight of Johncock standing hot and forlorn in an infield drainage creek as A.J.

Foyt took the checkered flag aptly symbolized his fate at the Brickyard. "I started thinking about that '77 race with about 10 laps to go, especially when the car started pushing a lot," he said. "It just seems that throughout my career it hasn't been meant for me to run 500 miles."

With four laps remaining, Mears had pulled to within three seconds of Johncock. Both Mears's Penske crew and Johncock's Patrick team were frozen in suspense as the high-speed drama played out around them. With two laps left,

Johncock's lead was .8 of a second. As they came down the front straight to take the white flag signaling one lap to go, Mears nosed up beside Johncock. "When I saw him coming up alongside me I thought, 'Well, that's all she wrote,'" said Johncock. "But I knew I would've gone into the first turn side by side with him because there was no way I was going to back off."

Because Johncock had the outside line into the turn, the better line, Mears had to back off and tuck in behind him. That



Cogan's caroming car put Andretti's into the wall, and from there onto the hook of a tow truck, even before the 33-car field got to the starting line.

was the last time Johncock saw Mears. "I had my hands so full I really didn't have time to look for him," Gordy said. "I was driving as hard as I could. The car was pushing so bad I had to drive all the way down to the bottom of the turns to keep it from pushing up into the wall. On the last lap, in Turn 3, I almost lost it; all four tires were below the white line."

Coming off the final turn, Mears chased Johncock down the straight toward the checkered flag. Mears swung out in a final, desperate attempt to slingshot past, but Johncock crossed the finish line slightly more than a car length ahead. As measured by the clock his margin was .16 of a second. It was the closest finish, and perhaps the most exciting, in the 66-year history of the 500.

Officially it was Johncock's second Indy win, but he doesn't count the first, which came in 1973. Johncock isn't alone—that was a race a lot of people would like to forget. But until last Sunday it typified Johncock's career at the Speedway. That race was postponed for two successive days because of rain. On the third day, it was finally run, but called at 332.5 miles, again because of rain, with Johncock in the lead. Thus he was the winner. In that race Johncock's teammate, Swede Savage, was fatally injured, as was Armondo Teran, one of the STP crewmen, who was hit by a truck on pit road as he ran toward the fiery car in which Savage was trapped. Safety crews cut Savage free. He died 33 days later.

To many, that race never really ended. There was a feeling that it had been called because of emotional fatigue rather than rain. As Johncock received the trophy hardly anyone was there to cheer him, most of the spectators having gone home. No one even wanted to bother with a victory banquet that year. Then Johncock's \$90,000 slice of the \$236,000 purse was withheld by a Federal bankruptcy referee, most of it to be divided among his creditors and his first wife and five children. At the time, his second wife was suing him for divorce.

But that was nine years ago. As Johncock rolled into Victory Lane Sunday his car was festooned with exuberant crewmen. This time there were plenty of cheers. "There will never be another thrill like this," Johncock said as he stood shyly beaming, and you knew it was true.

It was an enormously satisfying finish to a race that had begun as if it might turn into another Indy disaster. As the field

came off the fourth turn toward the green flag for the start, Mears's teammate, Kevin Cogan, starting in the middle of the front row, suddenly veered to the right—into A.J. Foyt, who was on the outside pole. The Penske racer bounced off Foyt's March and spun across the 50-foot-wide front straight, hanging there sideways with 30 cars—20,000 horsepower—and adrenaline-filled drivers charging straight at him. Mario Andretti was the unfortunate driver behind Cogan; he had no chance of avoiding him, and Andretti's Wildcat nailed Cogan dead center. Cogan hit the inside wall and then caromed across the track to the outside wall, while Andretti's car—a duplicate of teammate Johncock's—slid backward down the front straight. Behind them, 22-year-old rookie Dale Whittington came sailing into the confusion from his eighth-row starting position and drove into the back end of Mears's brother Roger's car, knocking them both out of the race. Which hadn't even begun.

Cogan and Andretti left their cars and stepped over the low safety wall between the track and the pits. Andretti, the winner of the 1969 500 and a former world Grand Prix champion, said something brief to Cogan, emphasizing it with a quick shove of disgust, then walked away. Cogan removed his helmet and followed Andretti, gesturing plaintively with his free hand. Andretti was too furious to have any of it; he continued to stomp toward Gasoline Alley.

Then Foyt appeared, and now it was his turn to yell at the 26-year-old Cogan. Still shaken by the mishap, Cogan looked at Foyt, the four-time Indy winner and its most famous driver, a bit glassy-eyed.

"A.J.," he said, trying to interrupt Foyt's tirade, "I don't know what happened."

"Why'd you do it?" Foyt shouted.

"I don't know what happened," Cogan repeated.

Foyt wheeled and stalked off.

Andretti ran up to Roger Penske, for whose team Mears and Cogan were driving, and shouted something about Cogan's inexperience—he had raced at Indy only once before.

Followed to his garage door by reporters, Cogan was asked what Foyt had said

... while Andretti leaped into Cogan's boss, Penske, for providing too much too soon.



Foyt blasted Cogan for the botch-up...

to him. He replied, "I'd rather not say."

Cogan's wasn't an enviable position. So much pressure had been on him all month. Here was a young driver who had taken the celebrated Mario Andretti out of the race and had come close to doing the same thing to the renowned A.J. On the pace lap!

But he handled the situation well. "I'm not sure what happened," Cogan said. "The rear of my car went to the left and

continued



the front went to the right. It felt like someone hit me from behind." Then he went inside his garage and closed the doors, not to say anything further until the car could be examined.

Said Andretti angrily: "He was doing exactly what he wasn't supposed to do. He crowded Foyt. There's just too much pressure up front. Cogan couldn't handle the responsibility of the front row. Penske has a car that's just too good for its driver."

Andretti was convinced that Cogan had been in first gear when he should have been in second. He suggested that when Cogan accelerated and the turbo-charger locked in, the added torque in first gear twisted the car to the right, into Foyt. Cogan denied he had been in first gear. He was convinced that something had broken on the car. As the race went on without him, and as Andretti continued to denounce him on TV, Cogan remained behind the closed garage doors.

Penske mechanics went grimly in and out of the garage, and one could hear the hammering and clanking sound of the car being dismantled for an autopsy. The race had been going on for a full 30 laps when Cogan finally came out, wearing neatly pressed jeans and a T shirt and looking as if nothing had happened. "We found what broke," he announced calmly. "It had nothing to do with me." He explained that a constant-velocity joint on the right rear axle had snapped, which had caused the car to swerve suddenly to the right. "That's it for sure," he added.



But it wasn't quite that final. Penske, though expressing complete confidence in his driver, and disappointment at Andretti's attack, was careful not to claim that the broken CV joint had caused the accident. Penske allowed the possibility that the broken joint might have been a result of the crash. Most likely, the truth will be forever in doubt. It's a burden Cogan will have to live with, maybe until he wins the 500. Johncock could tell him about living with such burdens.

Fifty-three minutes after Cogan's mysterious and costly swerve, the race started for real. Foyt, whose left front steering

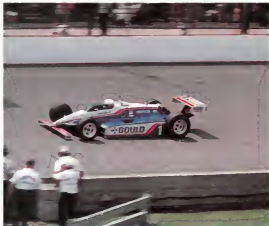
tie rod had been bent in the brush with Cogan and had been replaced, sped into the lead, with Mears in second. Johncock was third, Tom Sneva fourth. For the first 35 laps they stayed mostly that way. Mears, who rarely chooses to lead early in 500-mile races anyway, was following Penske's orders: Don't get in any dog-fights. He was confident he had the best car, and could save top performance until he needed it. On the 60th lap he used some to take the lead from Sneva. Foyt was beginning to have gearbox trouble. He finally pitted on lap 95 with the car stuck in gear; when his mechanics couldn't fix it he first fumed, then climbed out of the car and began banging at the shifting arms with a small sledge and a big screwdriver. He gave them a few heavy whacks, more in frustration than any serious attempt to fix the car. So ended Foyt's 25th 500.

On the 95th lap Johncock took the lead after a pit stop under a yellow flag. Mears came out of the pits behind him and Johncock fought him off for 13 laps: It would be a preview of their last-laps battle. But then the handling of Johncock's Wildcat deteriorated, and he dropped to fourth. Mears led for the next 50 laps until Gordy could overtake him again.

On lap 160 there began exactly 100 of the best racing miles the Speedway has



Foyt took matters into his own hands when his transmission seized, but to no avail.



Johncock's winning margin was .16 second, the closest finish in Indy's history.

looking for Johncock and found him in the STP garage. Mears came in grinning, shouting, "Where is that short little son of a bitch?"

Penske handsomely took the blame for his driver's defeat. The race had been won in two places: Turn 1, when Johncock held Mears off, and in the pits, when the Patrick crew had beaten the Penske crew by those six seconds. "My fault," said Penske. "We miscalculated the rate of fuel flow. We ended up filling up the tank, and we didn't need to. We simply kept Rick in the pits too long."

As for Johncock, he'd been gone from Victory Lane too long. There had been something different about him this year. At 45, with 27 years of racing behind him which had brought only 21 Indy-car victories, he wanted this 500 badly. He was even quieter than usual, more single-minded. He wanted to win the Indy 500 the right way, to set the record straight. With four cars in the field clearly faster than his, the odds were against him.

But he beat them, and rarely has there been a more popular victory. Johncock had paid for it with a career full of ill fortune. They'll no longer remember Gordon Johncock as the man who won the wrong 500. They'll remember him as the underdog who held off the fastest car in Brickyard history, and in the doing gave us the most marvelous finish in all those 66 years.

END



Penske took blame for messing up Mears.

spotted in the pit road incident. Johncock blasted in for a final pit stop on the next lap; he too found a car dawdling in front of him, but Johncock got by cleanly on the left. His crew, chiefed by George Huebner, took only 13 seconds to get him back out again. That would be decisive.

Johncock came out of the pits with that 12-second lead and the bad "push," and Mears emerged charging, cutting 198-mph laps as he tried to chase Gordy down. Johncock was using all of the race track, driving like a man possessed. Mears gave it his best shot, but he ran out of time. "Man, I could have used one more lap," he said later. Then he went

Mears's long final pit stop doomed the fastest car ever to race at the Speedway.

ever seen. Johncock's car had finally begun to handle the way it should. As he duelled with Mears and Sneva, whose hopes were to be dashed by an overlong pit stop and ultimately a blown engine, the crowd rose and began cheering mightily for the underdog.

Mears made his final pit stop on lap 183. As he came screaming into the pits, he had to lock his brakes in an attempt to avoid hitting Herm Johnson's car, which was slowly making its way down pit road. He actually bumped into Johnson. The Penske crew took 19 seconds to fuel Mears but they didn't change tires despite the possibility they had been flat-



The lights shine brighter this year at Shea Stadium, where the New York Mets play. Really. At the end of last season, the illumination at home plate measured just 94 footcandles. Only Wrigley Field had worse candlepower. Over the winter, a new \$1 million lighting system was installed, so that now home plate is bathed in about 240 footcandles.

The team in Shea has been just as radiant, thanks to Bambi and Thumper, Mookie/Hobie Brooks/Wilson (please match), infielders such as Wally (The Magic Is) Backman and pitchers that have shown much more polish, if not spit. At week's end the Mets were just 3½ games out of first in the National League East.

The Mets are off to their best start since 1972, and until the Houston Astros took two of three from them last weekend, they had won five straight series. By winning 12 of 18 games from May 10 through last Sunday, the Mets took over second place. And their biggest victory last week didn't even count. That came in Yankee Stadium, of all places, in the first Mayor's Trophy Game in three years. The last one drew 13,719 fans, but Thursday's attracted 41,614, most of whom chanted "Let's go, Mets," as the Metro-politans won 4-1.

"The game may not have meant anything," said Mets Catcher John Stearns, who was batting .318 through Sunday, "but it was the most meaningful game

I've ever played in. We've been the second dog in this town too long."

Actually, the Mets have the better dog because their winners cost 37% more wholesale than the Yankees' winners, even though they sell for only 11% more. This frank revelation comes from a Mets official who wishes to remain anonymous lest he anger the Yankees.

The New York-New York rivalry has been dormant the last few years, but all indications are that equality is coming. Attendance is up significantly in Flushing—an average of 5,983 a game through Sunday—and down slightly in the Bronx. The Mets' TV ratings are also up.

After last season New York traded for George Foster to reunite him with his old teammate from the Tri-Park Little League all-star team in Lawndale, Calif., Dave Kingman. In the past two years, the Mets have broken four rookies into the

New Manager George Bamberger has the Big Apple's "other team" off to a fast start, and lots of people are taking notice **by STEVE WULF**

The Mets Try To Steal New York



starting lineup. In fact, the only starters who remain from the days before Nelson Doubleday bought the club in 1980 are Joel Youngblood, who platoons in right, and Stearns, who was nearly traded before last season to the Angels.

General Manager Frank Cashen's best move was to hire George Bamberger as manager. Bamberger had to relinquish the helm at Milwaukee in 1980 because of a heart condition, but after bypass surgery he was able to return to managing. He has long had a reputation as a masterful pitching coach, who preaches strikes above all. "Throw the ball over the plate as many times as you can," he advises. "Location is the most overrated thing in baseball. Start trying to put the ball low and outside, and the next thing you know, the guy's walking to first base." He hates walks. He was alarmed that the Met pitchers walked 110 men in the first 28 games, and told them so. In the 19 games after his lecture, they walked just 41, and the team went 13-6.

Bambi—few men ever looked less like

Holdover Stearns has thrown himself headlong into New York's rebuilding program.



The fans think it's dandy that Randy is 6-3 this year after going 1-8 last season.

a deer—also has a reputation as a teacher of ball-doctoring. The spitter is sometimes called the Staten Island sinker in his honor. "I don't mind if the other teams think we're doing it," he says. "I've been accused a few times this year," says Randy Jones, off to a 6-3 start after going 1-8 in '81.

Jones isn't Bamberger's only reclamation project. Craig Swan was moved to the bullpen and has been very effective. Last week he went six innings against the Braves, giving up only two hits as the Mets came from behind to win 6-4 on Backman's three-run homer. Bamberger puts his pitchers in the bullpen not to punish them, but to let them work out their problems. He believes in a four-man rotation, and since installing one 22 games into the season, the Mets are 16-9. It also helps the pitchers that Neil Allen is there to save them—which he's done 13 times this year.

One of the hoariest clichés in baseball is the one about having to use all 25 men. But Bamberger really does. "Everybody checks the lineup card every day," says Bob Bailor, who has been used at second, short, third and in the outfield and was even asked one night in extra innings if he could catch.

Another reason for the Mets' success is the longball, which is where Thumper comes in. Kingman has 14 home runs, to share the lead for both leagues, and 38 RBIs. Kong can be spectacular even in

failure, as he proved last Friday night in an 8-3 loss to the Astros in which he spelled Kingman with five K's, tying a major league record.

The most remarkable thing about the Mets' surge is that they've done it without Foster, although, as Bailor points out, "Just having him in the lineup made us confident." Last Sunday at Shea Foster put one out in left center as the Mets beat the Astros 9-5.

At the end of the week the Mets' ballyhooed trio of Foster, Kingman and Ellis Valentine was batting .235, but second basemen Backman and Bailor and Shortstop Tom Veryzer were hitting .336 together. Bailor and Veryzer also spell Ron Gardenhire at short, and Bamberger has been juggling them well all year. Backman's fast start—he was batting .317 through Sunday—is particularly gratifying because at this time last year he was popping off at the Mets management for sending him down to Tidewater.

Perhaps the most valuable Met has been Mookie Wilson, the centerfielder and leadoff man. He's batting .306 with 19 stolen bases and 22 RBIs, and he has been on base in 43 of 45 games this year. Wilson bails from Bamberg, S.C., which, of course, makes him a Bamberger. He had a good rookie year in '81, hitting .271, and before spring training he got some tips from Harry (The Hat) Walker in Birmingham, Ala. The results speak for themselves.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

Mookie is always being mixed up with Third Baseman Hubie Brooks. "It makes me laugh," says Wilson. "People come up to me and say, 'Hey, Mookie, great play at third.'" One night on Kiner's Korner, Ralph Kiner's postgame TV interview show, the host kept calling Hubie "Mookie." "I kind of like it," says Hubie, "because when Hubie gets in trouble, Mookie can get blamed for it. And since Mookie never gets in trouble, Hubie never has anything to worry about."

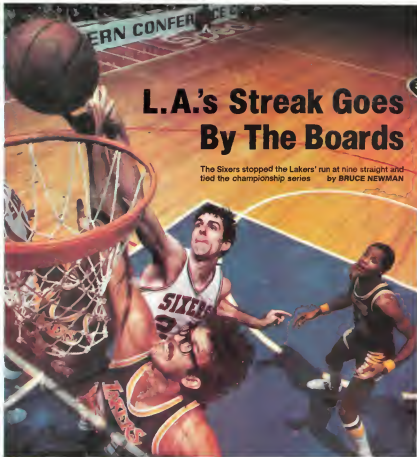
Bamberger has a knack for knowing when to play certain men, explaining, "I have my statistics to go by—I know how each hitter hits against each pitcher—but I also have my hunches. I'll be driving to the ball park and suddenly think that this guy should be in the lineup tonight."

Bamberger has another hunch. "I think this will be an excellent team," he says, "and that by 1984, two million people will be coming through these gates, maybe more." As we said, the outlook at Shea couldn't be brighter.

END

Bambi carded a winner against the Yanks.





L.A.'s Streak Goes By The Boards

The Sixers stopped the Lakers' run at nine straight and tied the championship series by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

In Game 2, offensive rebounding by the likes of Bobby Jones—here tipping in a follow-up over Ramba—kept L.A. off the fast track.



For nearly two weeks the Los Angeles Lakers, hadn't been playing other basketball teams so much as they had been playing against history, and history didn't seem to know how to stop a fast break. Los Angeles had won eight straight playoff games going into last week's NBA finals, and after brushing aside the Philadelphia 76ers 124-117 in the championship opener Thursday night at the Spectrum, it seemed that the Lakers would sweep into the record books.

They hadn't lost a game since April 13 (at Golden State) and had already tied the record for most consecutive playoff victories (set by the Minneapolis Lakers in 1948-49 and 1949-50). Then just when it looked as if they had immortality in their grasp, Julius Erving, a historical personage if there ever was one, swooped and scored like an avenging angel.

That's the trouble with the Lakers; every 46 days or so they lose a game. On Sunday they absorbed a 110-94 pound-

ing from the 76ers, and all talk of an L.A. sweep—which by Sunday morning was Topic A of media conversations in Philly—was laid to rest. Laker Coach Pat Riley had tried to minimize the importance of a sweep to his team, but privately he admitted that he hoped the streak would help motivate the Lakers. “Why not go for it?” Riley asked. “That’s what I told them. I don’t care about records, but if you’ve got an opportunity, why not try to be the greatest team of all time? Why not?”

It had been a week filled with intriguing questions. Would Dr. J finally get the NBA championship ring that had eluded him in two previous finals—one of them against the Lakers in 1980? Would Riley ever let down his set-it-wet hair and admit the Lakers were playing a zone defense? Could anyone stop Andrew Toney’s jump shot? Could anyone find Kurt Rambis’ jump shot? Would the Lakers finally suffer the effects of too many long layoffs—28 days of waiting altogether since the end of the regular season?

The Lakers had profited from the nine-day rest they had gotten before sweeping Phoenix in the Western Conference semifinals and then another seven-day hiatus before taking apart San Antonio in the finals, but the 12-day wait for the league finals to begin was the longest in history before a championship series. Riley was less concerned that his team would be sluggish physically than he was that the players “might have forgotten what it felt like when they won those first eight games, what a terrific feeling it was to be riding so high.”

To remind them, Riley drew on his experience as a former Laker broadcaster to put together a six-minute video highlight tape of L.A. playoff victories, the 1980 defeat of the Sixers, as well as this spring’s games. Riley opened with footage from the sweeps of the Suns and the Spurs to Dan Hartman’s *Instant Replay*, picked up the tempo with highlights of the ’80 series to Ashford & Simpson’s *Make It Work Again*, then brought the program to a stirring conclusion with a succession of L.A. fast breaks to the pulsating beat of Trammps, asking the musical question *Where Do We Go from Here?* When Riley tried out the tape on assistant coaches Mike Thibault and Bill Bertka, “Mike got really jacked up,” Ri-

ley said, “and Billy had tears in his eyes. We showed it to the players right before the start of the game, and they really seemed to respond to it. Of course, it was right after that that they went out and played that bad first half.”

The 76ers had received a rousing welcome back from the dead before Game 1 by a sellout Spectrum crowd that six days earlier had seemingly abandoned the team during its Game 6 loss to Boston in the Eastern Conference finals. And, for a half anyway, Philadelphia had the opener under control, dictating the pace with relentless defensive pressure at one end and offensive fireworks by Erving, Darryl Dawkins and Bobby Jones at the other. Dawkins came in midway through the first quarter and scored eight points in just over five minutes on Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

The Sixers’ 11-point halftime lead grew to 15 early in the third period as Er-

ving put on one of his aerial shows. He threw one shot in backward over his head, converted a fast-break layup and slammed in an alley-oop pass from Bobby Jones to put Philadelphia up 69-54. The 76ers were able to nurse that lead for nearly five minutes before the bottom fell out. The Lakers began executing Bertka’s half-court trap defense, forcing the Sixers to use up the 24-second clock trying to find a decent shot. “You get in a situation where you take the shot that’s left,” Erving said, “and if you miss it and then don’t go to the offensive boards, the other team is off and running.”

No team has ever pushed the ball up the floor with greater speed and skill than Los Angeles has for the past five weeks. “We knew if they got defensive rebounds they were going to go with it,” said Bobby Jones. “We just couldn’t keep up with them. They had three or four people on the break, sometimes five. We’d always

contested

Doc’s swatted shot was a Game 1 Philly high, but in the second half L.A. raced by.





Cheeks sprang for 19 points on Sunday.

NBA PLAYOFFS continued

try to get a couple of guys back, but they moved the ball so well it seemed like at least three of them touched it every time down. When that happens, you become indecisive about who to guard."

The Lakers rocked the 76ers back on their heels by closing a 15-point deficit in only three minutes and 55 seconds near the end of the third quarter, in which the Lakers outscored the 76ers 17-2 to tie things at 87. Then, in just over six minutes, Los Angeles built its lead to 16 points. Bob McAdoo, the Lakers' first forward off the bench, came in with 6:55 to go in the third quarter with Philly leading 79-64. When he left with 7:49 remaining in the game, L.A. was ahead 108-92. A 31-point turnaround. Where there's a McAdoo, there's a McAdoo. During that stint Mac scored eight

points, stole a pass and got three rebounds. All in all he had 14 points in the game. Jamail Wilkes and Norm Nixon each scored 24 and Abdul-Jabbar 23.

"All this means is that we're going to have to make something happen," the Doctor said after the game. "We've been through a whole lot in the playoffs already; now we're going through some more."

Philadelphia had won a lot of respect for its Game 7 victory over the Celtics in Boston a week earlier, but the Sixers' character always seems to be in question. And before Sunday's Game 2, Erving, whose leadership may mean as much to the 76ers as does his acrobatic play, dismissed the notion that the team lacked the resolve to beat the Lakers.

"We've got to play this one just like it's a seventh game," Erving said. "If you lack aggressiveness, the Lakers can leave you on your heels all day long. They can be awesome. It took the first game for us to learn how to beat them. Going into that game we thought we knew, but we didn't. Now we know. So if you know what it takes to beat a team and then you still can't do it, you're in a bad way."

Although it was the Lakers' fast break that widened everyone's eyes in Game 1, it was L.A.'s pressure defense that the Sixers had to counter if they were to have a chance in the second game, or indeed, in the series. Despite the brilliance of the Los Angeles running game, it wasn't until the Lakers began to generate defensive momentum that Game 1 swung in their favor. "When we got it going," L.A.'s Michael Cooper said, "it was strictly defense. We get our hands on a lot of passes, and our trapping has helped us with that. We're not really trying to steal the ball when we trap, we just want to make them go one-on-one and take some bad shots, to try to force a few turnovers. That's when the fast break begins."

What had been especially vexing to Philadelphia in the first game was the way the Laker running game had fed off its trapping defense (which is legal in the NBA) and its zone defense (which isn't). "They play a zone," Philadelphia Coach Billy Cunningham said on Saturday. "Trapping isn't illegal. We have traps, too—full-court, half-court, three-quarter-court. But once there are a couple of passes, they can't just be playing an area. They have to play somebody."

Riley also knew that traps would make it virtually impossible for the 76ers to

slow down his team's fast break. "In trying to beat this kind of defense," Riley said, "they have to go to the open areas of the floor, and if they do that, it's very difficult to keep one or two guys back to guard against the break."

The Sixers are probably the second-best transition team in the NBA, and yet Los Angeles made them look club-footed in the first game. "We were trying so hard to get our baskets," said Sixer Guard Clint Richardson, "and it seemed as if they were getting theirs so easy. Sometimes it makes you wonder why you even bother to go down to the other end to play defense."

That, of course, was just the demoralizing effect the Lakers hoped to have on Philadelphia. "This team has got to run," Riley said. "We've got to constantly be on the go. Sometimes we have a tendency, if things aren't going well, to start a break and go 50% at it. A 'fake break' I call it. We've got to keep turning it on, have all the parts working, for us to win. That's when you make teams crack. When I played against the old Boston fast-break teams [Riley competed in the NBA in 1967-76], I remember thinking, 'Here they come, here they come, here they come. When are they going to stop so I can catch my breath?' That's what we have to do."

Try as they might, though, the Lakers couldn't do it to the Sixers on Sunday. Cunningham once again brought Dawkins off the bench, this time late in the first quarter, and just as he had in the first game, he showed why people mutter about his unrealized potential. Three straight times he maneuvered his massive frame into the lane and three times he scored. Then for good measure he hit a 16-foot baseline turnaround to put Philly up 34-26 at the end of the first quarter.

The 76ers increased the lead to 10 at the half, and in the process proved Cunningham right about the Lakers' zone by drawing a second illegal-defense call on Los Angeles and a technical foul. Still, the Sixers had blown bigger leads to lesser teams. And Cunningham had to learn to seldom-used third-string Center Earl Cureton when Dawkins and Caldwell Jones each picked up three fouls. Clearly the third quarter would be the 76ers' most important test of the series.

Throughout the playoffs, Los Angeles had been a superb third-quarter team, largely because that's when Nixon had repeatedly forced the ball up the floor

continued



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and down people's throats. Against San Antonio, he had shot 72% in the third quarter and averaged just under 10 points, and against Philadelphia on Thursday he was 4 of 6 and scored 11 points. "Norman's our catalyst," Riley had said, and sure enough, when the Lakers needed to make a run on Thursday, Nixon usually led them.

But on Sunday he was nowhere. The 76ers outrebounded the Lakers 52-39 and kept hammering away at the offensive boards, picking up 23 points on follow shots. When the ball didn't come off the glass, the Lakers couldn't run. And when they couldn't run, they couldn't seem to handle the ball. Though Los Angeles wound up with three fewer turnovers than the Sixers, the Lakers seemed to make theirs at inopportune moments. "We never protected the ball well," Nixon

said. "When we had the opportunity to cut the gap, we turned the ball over."

If the Lakers were their own worst enemies, they had help from Erving and Maurice Cheeks, the 76ers' point guard. Cheeks hadn't been effective in the second half of Game 1, but on Sunday he limited Nixon to six points, scored 19 and added eight assists. "In the first game I was just floating around," Cheeks said. "Today I tried to be more aggressive, to go to the hoop more."

Erving, too, was more assertive. He put the Sixers up by 11 in the third quarter when he waded through the entire Los Angeles defense with one of his best serpentine moves, and on the next exchange, he rebounded a Rambis miss and went coast-to-coast, dipping, pumping and finally finger-rolling the ball into the basket.



Wixes dipsoe-doe for two as the Lakers erased a 15-point deficit in the opener.



Fast break, fast Game 1 hoop for Coop.

Toney, who had scored a quiet 20 points in Game 1, in which he slightly twisted an ankle and sprained a knee, warmed up in the third quarter, sinking 5 of 7 shots after a 1-for-8 first half. If Toney's hand was a bit unsteady at times, it's little wonder. His wife, Priscilla, gave birth to their first child on Friday night, a daughter named Chanel Andrea.

"We had a chance to do something no one else had done," Earvin Johnson said after the streak had been stopped. "Now we have a chance to be the champs. I guess we have to focus on that."

"Nobody can talk about the history thing now," Cooper said. "This loss is to our benefit in a way. Now we just have to concentrate on being an NBA ball club, not the greatest team of all time." **END**



If Cooney is to win, it will most likely be by a knockout within the first five rounds, as he traps Holmes against the ropes and belabors him with a series of punches, most notably left hooks to the body and to the head.

We all know Gerry Cooney hasn't been tested yet, but we know he can punch, he's big, and he's young. We also know that Larry Holmes has been hit, he has been getting hit, and he has slowed down a bit. I have a feeling in my bones that the whole stage has been set for a new man. Maybe I'm superstitious. I had that same feeling when Joe Frazier fought George Foreman. The way Foreman was knocking people out, the way Joe fought head on, I thought, 'Joe shouldn't fight him.' I didn't see how he could avoid getting hit. Foreman knocked him out. . . . The timing may be right again. That's why I'm not going either way. You can't sell Cooney short, but he hasn't been in a dogfight. It's a house dog against a street dog. . . . But don't bet the family jewels on Larry Holmes. It's a pick-'em fight.

—GEORGE BENTON, noted fight trainer

It's the night of June 11. In a ring set up in a 32,000-seat stadium in a parking lot at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, in the glare of the setting sun and the television lights, the WBC heavyweight champion of the world, undefeated Larry Holmes, starts forward at the sound of the opening bell. Holmes, 32, 6' 3", 215 pounds, moves quickly to the center of the ring. Advancing toward him is the No. 1 contender, undefeated Gerry Cooney, 25, 6' 6", 228 pounds.

By now many scenarios, each plausible, each with a logical conclusion, have been devised. Although Benton isn't alone in being unable to envision an ending that accommodates what he knows of these two men, the consensus is that the fight will follow one of two scenarios.

SCENARIO I

I believe that Cooney will flatten Holmes like a latke [potato pancake] within five. Larry's starting to show signs of deterioration. He's all right in the beginning, but then he starts to go apart. He moves around for one or two and then he stands stock still. When he's stationary and Cooney gets him in a corner, he's going to hook Holmes and knock him out. Cooney is the most devastating left-hooker I've seen since the era of Joe Louis.

—AL BRAVERMAN, veteran trainer and manager

A Classic Confrontation

It's boxer against slugger, experience against youth, as undefeated heavyweight champ Larry Holmes takes on undefeated Gerry Cooney in Las Vegas **by WILLIAM NACK**

In the first round the fighters cautiously circle each other while exchanging jabs. For one or two rounds, Holmes keeps his distance, moving but not dancing, trying to keep Cooney away with the left while setting him up for the overhand right. Cooney's jab isn't as fast as Holmes's, but it's harder and heavier, and, midway through the second round, he's beginning to tag Holmes with it.

Holmes begins to taunt his opponent early in the fight, abusing him verbally while waving him forward, but Cooney declines the obvious bait and continues stalking him, trying to cut off the ring. In the fourth round, Cooney connects with a really stiff jab. Holmes's head snaps back. Holmes tries to retaliate with a jab of his own, but it falls short of Cooney's chin. Because the challenger is three inches taller than Holmes, the champion is forced to jab slightly upward, thus exposing the left side of his body.

A converted southpaw, Cooney has spent years working to make a weapon of his right hand. He jarred Jimmy Young with it two years before, on his way to bloodying and stopping him in the fourth round, and he backed up Kenny Norton with the right on May 11, 1981, before pounding him unconscious with left hooks down and up. Now, countering Holmes's jab, Cooney throws his right and catches Holmes on the left cheek, driving him against the ropes.

Holmes sags momentarily. Sensing the champion is hurt, Cooney rushes to him. Holmes covers up, elbows at his sides. But there is more side than elbow to cover it. Feet flat, Cooney spins his upper body to the left, and in one deft motion—his feet, knees, thighs and hips generating most of the power—he turns forward and brings the hook into Holmes's side, just beneath the bottom rib, and buries it into the liver. Pain, such as he has never felt before, branches through Holmes's body.

He begins to cave. Now Cooney turns and throws another hook, this one to the point of the chin, and Holmes crumples to the canvas. After struggling to his feet, as he did when Earnie Shavers and Renaldo Snipes decked him, Holmes takes a standing eight count. They might as well play taps, however, for no fighter in the division can finish a man like Cooney. He swoops in again, punching up and down with both arms. Cooney pounds the body with two more massive hooks, folding Holmes over, then brings another up to the unguarded chops. The blow snaps Holmes's head to the side. A right bounces him back off the ropes, and, as he pitches forward, in a final fury, Cooney chops him in the head with a last left hook. Holmes is out.

continued



If Holmes is to score a knockout, the crusher will be his big overhand right, set up by his jolting jab. In this scenario, the end will come in the eighth round, with the referee saving a battered, defenseless Cooney.



HOLMES-COONEY continued

SCENARIO II

Holmes will win by a knockout by the eighth because of his experience, stamina and determination. He'll jab Cooney to keep him off balance, set him up for the overhand right. When he gets the feel of the right spot on Cooney's chin, he'll know Gerry's ready to go. Cooney can't go more than three, four rounds. You have to make Holmes a 10-1 favorite. If you have a puncher against any great boxer, like Holmes, you have to go with the boxer.

—HAROLD WESTON,
Madison Square Garden matchmaker

Holmes has the finest jab in the heavyweight division—fast, stinging and accurate. His repertoire of combinations flows from the jab. The first two rounds, to keep a plodding Cooney off balance, Holmes moves almost constantly, not running or dancing at a distance, but rather around his target at close range. Now and then he stops, sets himself, and, as Cooney advances, fires off a double jab, stopping the challenger, and moves over again. A step here, a step there, then two quick jabs. Cooney counters with a jab, but Holmes slips it easily.

Holmes boxes cautiously in the early rounds, adjusting to Cooney's rhythm, while searching for a comfortable distance to work from. In the third round, Cooney backs Holmes up with a jab, follows with a right that misses, then comes in on the champion along the ropes. Cooney tries to

work the body with hooks, but Holmes expertly ties him up, clinging closely and breaking the force of the blows.

By the end of the fourth, Cooney is getting frustrated. Holmes is superb on defense, picking off Cooney's jabs at long range and tying up the challenger when he closes in. Early in the fifth, Holmes picks off a Cooney jab, then backs up the challenger with two stinging jabs of his own.

Cooney backs up. This is what Holmes has been waiting for. He has been watching films of Cooney's December 1979 fight against Leroy Boone, in which Cooney had trouble fighting effectively as Boone backed him up, so Holmes jumps. Holmes jabs again, then hooks to the head off the jab. Now he steps inside with a right uppercut, catching Cooney square. Cooney is bleeding over the right eye. He awkwardly tries to turn off the ropes. Holmes keeps the pressure on him.

Cooney covers and counters ineffectually. Emboldened now, Holmes begins throwing more punches, in faster combinations, straight right hands over two sharp jabs. Cooney jabs, then misses with a wild right. Holmes spins away and counters with a right. Cooney staggers back to his corner at the bell. In the sixth and seventh rounds, Holmes continues jabbing and scoring. Cooney occasionally lands a punch inside, but Holmes quickly ties him up.

By the end of the seventh, a straight right has opened another cut, below Cooney's left eye, and jabs have split his upper lip. In the eighth, sensing it's time, Holmes comes out blazing—left-right-left. Cooney staggers. Holmes pounces. A right uppercut drops the challenger. Back on his feet, Cooney tries to cover, but Holmes wades in. A right to the belly drops Cooney's arms. Holmes steps in, and so does the referee.

One is a boxer and one is a puncher, one a mover and the other a plodder, but that is only the beginning of the difference between them. Rarely in the history of heavyweight championship competition have two men who contrast more sharply—both in the ring and out—been brought together. Indeed, it's these differences—expressed in their boxing styles, backgrounds, attitudes, and professional histories—that give the fight its exceptional promise.

If it is unfortunate that some of the interest stems from the fact that Holmes is black and Cooney white, that fact is also unavoidable. "Any time you have that black-and-white picture, it makes it interesting," says Ken Norton. Cooney has simply said that he no more wants to be a Great White Hope than a great white shark, while Holmes has made a point of raising the issue. Publicly, he has referred to Cooney as a "Great White Dope." In December of 1980, in a Mexico City restaurant during the WBC convention, the two men almost came to blows after a heated exchange in which Cooney struck perhaps the most sensitive nerve ending in Holmes's whole being. Holmes has loathed him ever since.

Holmes's bitterness springs from a deep place in his history. He grew up poor in the blue-collar industrial town of

continued



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Easton, Pa., and all he ever knew was scratch and claw. He worked in a car wash, he drove a truck. He began fighting in a local gym and turned professional on March 21, 1973, in the heyday of Muhammad Ali, Frazier and Foreman. For five long years, some spent as Ali's sparring partner, Holmes lived in oblivion. Until Richie Giachetti came along, trainers refused to handle him, abused him, ignored him. After the Ali era ended, and Frazier and Foreman vanished with him, Holmes finally got his long-deferred shot at the title.

Under the circumstances, he was superb. In a war that stretched over 15 rounds, fighting with an injured left arm, he outpointed Ken Norton for the WBC title. What he found himself ruling over, however, was a division as hollow as the speed bags he'd been banging on for years, a division still haunted by the mystical presence of Ali. Holmes fought for peanuts, and there were mostly only shells to fight. One after another: Alfredo Evangelista, Osvaldo Cenzon, Mike Weaver, Shavers, Lorenzo Zanon, Leroy Jones, Scott LeDoux. Please, LeDon't go on. In two of those fights, against Weaver and Shavers, Holmes got careless and had to come off the deck to win.

The division was so bereft of talent, of course, that it finally achieved the ultimate, a truly grotesque parody of itself, as an antique show at Caesars, starring Ali. Ali had lost it all in the ordeal of beating Frazier in Manila five years before, so Holmes found himself in the unseemly position of having to beat up an old man who could no longer throw a decent punch, and who could no longer even hide. Six months later Holmes outpointed a club fighter, Trevor Berbick, and two months later knocked out a spent Leon Spinks. In his last

fight, on Nov. 6, 1981, Holmes got careless again, and was floored by Snipes in the seventh round before rallying to TKO him in the 11th.

"I think he's the most underrated heavyweight champion we ever had," says Ray Arcel, the veteran trainer who's working Holmes's corner. "He's in the same position Ezzard Charles was in when he beat Joe Louis. Charles was in the shadow of Joe Louis. The trouble with Holmes is that he has tried to match the ring personality of Ali," says Arcel. "You can't command the acknowledgment of greatness."

And, as earnestly as he has asked for it, that acknowledgment has been denied him. All his professional life, Holmes has felt rejection. As he made his climb to the top, not incidentally, so did the young and attractive Sugar Ray Leonard, the Olympic gold medal winner, who was soon getting more money as a welterweight than even Ali had. Fame, acceptance, the adulation of men, all were as elusive as wisps of wind to Holmes. Then suddenly he was facing Cooney in that Mexico City restaurant, and Holmes said, "You're stupid, for a white boy. . . ."

Cooney: "Who are you? Who are you?"

Holmes: "Everybody knows who I am."

Cooney: "Who are you?"

Holmes: "I'm the heavyweight champion of the world."

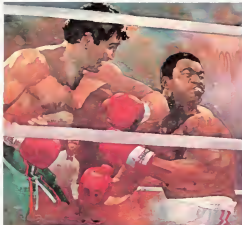
Cooney: "You need me more than I need you. Don't forget that?"

Soon after they nearly were at each other's throats. The only casualty was WBC President José Sulaimán. "He stepped in to break it up and got a bloody nose," says Mike Jones, who co-manages Cooney with Dennis Rappaport.

continued



Holmes has stamina, ring generalship—and a big right. Here, with Cooney's guard down, Holmes unloads.



HOLMES-COONEY *continued*

That Holmes and Cooney would one day meet in the ring became inevitable. In Mexico City, in fact, Holmes's promoter, Don King, offered Jones and Rappaport a \$3 million purse for the fight. They declined and went after Weaver, the WBA champion, trying to make the fight for the following spring. It appeared on when Weaver, under the threat of having his title stripped, chose instead to fight James (Quick) Tillis.

That paved the way for Holmes-Cooney. Originally, Jones says, King had sought options to promote future Cooney bouts, the bulk of the purse for Holmes, as champion, and exclusive promotional rights. Jones and Rappaport had argued for equal purses for the fighters, no options and for Sam Glass, who had staged several Cooney fights, to co-promote with King. King eventually yielded on all three points, Jones says, and the fight was set for March 15.

As soon as the match was made, there were doubts that it ever would take place. "I never thought he wanted to fight me," Holmes says. "He did everything he could to get around me and fight Weaver." Cooney was supposed to have had a tune-up last December against Joe Bugner, the former European heavyweight champion, who hadn't had a fight since August 1980 when he beat Gilberto Acuna, but Cooney suffered a back injury and the fight was canceled. Then Cooney was to fight an exhibition against Bugner in January in Westbury, N.Y., but he tore a muscle in his left shoulder. When he aggravated that injury, and couldn't train, the fight with Holmes was rescheduled for June 11. Even now Caesars Palace holds its imperial breath.

As do all concerned. The amount of money at stake is prodigious. According to the promoters, each fighter will have a \$10 million payday, although insiders say the figure will be much lower. Each is to get 35% of the net receipts and the promoters 15% apiece. The net, as Jones envisions it, will amount to upwards of \$30 million: \$6 million from Caesars, \$20 million from closed circuit and \$5 million from pay-per-

view television. "If the fight takes off," says Jones, "it could net \$40 to \$50 million."

For Holmes, the money isn't everything. Louis Rodriguez, a longtime aide, says, "Cooney's the manifestation of everything that Larry has longed for, everything he never had and should have had but was denied."

Cooney grew up in the predominantly white suburban community of Huntington, Long Island, the son of an ironworker of Irish descent who died when Gerry was 19. The chief discomfort of his adolescence was a painful shyness and self-consciousness brought on by big ears, skinny legs, knock-knees and acne. His father, Tony, forced Cooney and his three brothers to get up early in the morning to run and to do calisthenics, and enforced a 10 p.m. lights-out.

Encouraged by Tony, the Cooney kids boxed in a makeshift ring in the backyard. Gerry eventually won two Golden Gloves titles at Madison Square Garden, as a middleweight and heavyweight. (Of his brothers, only Tom continued to box, going to the finals of the Golden Gloves as a heavyweight.) A few months after Tony Cooney died, Gerry turned pro, signing with Jones and Rappaport. Under the in-



fluence of trainer Victor Valle, who had guided Alfredo Escalera to the junior welterweight championship, Cooney became a punching machine. Unlike Holmes, who languished in his early years, Cooney moved smoothly up through the ranks. His opponents were carefully chosen, his career meticulously charted. Too carefully, purists would claim, when he became the No. 1 contender at 24, after only 23 fights.

There is an undercurrent of resentment toward the challenger because he rose in violation of the "code," that is to say, he hadn't suffered enough. "The code is the one reason why they never accepted a young Ali," says Mort Sharnik, boxing consultant for CBS. "He's a charlatan, they said, he's not a fighter, he's a dancer. So they demeaned him. *He'll get his.* They didn't appreciate him until he came back and he was a target and he took it and took it and took it. Took it better than any heavyweight in history." Ali eventually paid the price. Just listen to him mumble now.

Asks Sharnik rhetorically, "At issue is this: Is there any easy road to the heavyweight championship, to the heights? Supposedly there isn't and there shouldn't be. It's a violation of the code if Cooney wins."

Cooney goes into the fight with a 25-0 record, mostly against unknowns, with 22 knockouts. Since he stopped Boone in December 1979 he has had only three fights, which altogether lasted less than six rounds. He fought only twice in 1980, stopping Jimmy Young in four rounds and Ron Lyle in one, and only once in 1981, when he stopped Norton. "It

doesn't concern me," Cooney says. "I wouldn't be getting in the ring if I wasn't ready. Victor wouldn't let me in the ring." Nor is he in any particular rush to see if he can go the distance—he has never fought more than eight rounds in his life—or take a shot. He has never been down as a pro.

"What am I supposed to do?" Cooney asks, without rancor. A man not given to boasting, he rarely raises his voice, except when he laughs. "When I hurt somebody, am I supposed to let him go?" he says. "Answer the critics' questions? Can I go the distance? Can I take a punch? When I get finished with fighting, I hope they ask the same questions. It's not my purpose to answer them. Boxing is the art of self-defense. I knock 'em out the first chance I get. People haven't seen enough of me. My fights haven't gone the distance and people have a lot of questions. I want to find out for myself as much as the people do. I want to find out what I can do.

"After every fight I knock myself down. I start from scratch again. I say, 'I'm not as good as I thought.' It makes you work harder. It makes you push harder. It's more than money. It's more than the title. It's my pride, and it can be

continued

Cooney has Holmes where he wants him—on the ropes—and is wielding another of his unsung weapons, the right forearm. By applying pressure with it, Cooney is trying to horse Holmes out of his crouch.



scary thinking about it. I could lose. It's scary. I don't fear Holmes, but I think he's a good fighter. He has a lot of pride. But I wouldn't be fighting him if I feared him. It's going to be a tough fight. People say with all the hoopla out there, I won't be able to handle it. I believe the pressure's on him. I'm just going to do my thing. I picture it in a couple of different ways."

Cooney pauses, shrugs, then goes on: "He's going to stand up and move. After a while, he'll stop moving and fight. And..." He shrugs again. "We have to fight," he says.

Valle is taking no chances. For the first time the trainer is yielding his position as cut man to concentrate on advising the fighter. Artie Curley, who used to work with Vito Antuofermo, a notorious bleeder, will take care of any cuts. Nonetheless, most observers are giving the edge to Holmes's corner on experience. Two of the most respected trainers, Eddie Futch and Arcel, have been handling the fighter, and they will be his cornermen. "They have their own way of figuring things, as I do," Valle says. "Let the best trainer win."

Holmes, meanwhile, knows the fight must be won in the ring—ultimately by him alone. He has a record of 39-0, 29 by knockout. On June 9, two days before the Cooney fight, he will have held the WBC title for four years, and defended it 11 times. "The guy's got perfect coordination," Arcel says. "Sharp reflexes. Tremendous mental energy. He just knows what he's doing in there at all times. I don't know how Cooney can avoid the jab. I don't see him winning unless he hits him with a wild punch. His inactivity isn't going to help him any. I think Cooney'll come out ripping and tearing and trying to win it in the first part. What other choice does he have? He's not going to try to outbox the fellow. This is a good boxer."

If Holmes respects Cooney in any way, he doesn't betray it. His voice full of anger and contempt, he promises to fight from the opening bell, contrary to conventional wisdom. "People ask me questions," he told an audience following a recent workout. "They want to know if I'm in the bag. I've got too much money, too much pride, represent too many people. I don't have a whole lot to prove, but one thing I have to prove, on June 11, is that I'm not in the bag."

Holmes says that the films of Cooney's fights that he's seen left him unawed. "People say, 'Move on him? Don't let him hit you with that left hook?' Who the hell is he? He ain't no superman. Why should I move from him? He's Gerry Cooney. I'll make him run from me. Leroy Boone backed him up. Jimmy Young had him hacking up. How the hell can you throw the left hook unless you're throwing punches back? If he got a left hook."

"He hit Jimmy Young 10 straight punches and didn't take him out. Right hands and every damn thing else. Let that mother knock me out! Let him! I ain't going nowhere. I'll be right there suckin' on his titty. You can write that. He ain't got a heart as big as a mustard seed. I'm going to make him fight. I'm going to give him all the opportunity in the world to take me out in the first round. Just like everybody predicts. My intention is to beat him up. Close his eyes. Open a cut over his nose. Over his eyes. Bust his lips. I just want to bust him up."

How serious Holmes is about this is hard to discern. After fighting all these years, he continues struggling in shadows. And now he sees before him a palpable target of his scorn—a man who, he believes, traveled the easy road, marked with a white line. He seems incredulous that people are taking Cooney seriously. "I'll beat him till he doesn't want any more," Holmes says. "I'm going to jump on his butt right off the bat. I'll run him right out of the ring."

His ego challenged, as Ray Leonard's was before his first imprudent go with Roberto Duran, Holmes might just come out winging. "Do you really think he can beat me?" Holmes asks with disbelief.

Of course. Stripped of the ornaments, it's youth against age, young legs against old legs. It's weight, height and strength against ring savvy, cleverness, quickness. It's power against prowess, the classic combat—the boxer and the banger. But perhaps what is most elusively at work here, as George Benton suggests, has to do with the imperatives of timing and time. I say Cooney inside five. **END**

A far more artful boxer than the challenger, Holmes has the finest jab in the division—fast, jarring and accurate—and his whole repertoire flows from his elemental punch.





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Pete Hames may be only 17, but he is already mining the vein that only a talented few can find in dirt-track racing by **BOB OTTUM**

The thing that drove Pete Hames into retirement was the never-ending nagging from his dad. "Don't stand there and tell me you don't feel like racing," Don Hames would growl, bending over so he could jaw at his son nose to nose. "Don't you want to win? No? No? Then you're wasting your time. And you're sure wasting mine." Nag, nag, nag. Finally, Pete just up and retired, walked away from motorcycle racing. He was five years old at the time.

That was in the summer of 1970. Pete had a Yamaha 60, a little bitty bike only about this high. At top speed, maybe 30 mph, it sounded as if it was powered by a gang of angry bumblebees. His dad had bought it when Pete was four—please note that Pete hadn't asked for it—and had plopped the kid down on it and sent him out on scrambles over hills and through gulches and in dirt-track races at places like Cycle Park and Indian Dunes near Los Angeles. The toys would roar around and around and around in a waist-high cloud of dust for perhaps four miles per event. There were horrendous skids and crashes. Some of the children would get up gamely and go on; some

A Slick Slide To The Top

would dissolve into muddy tears of frustration and call for their mothers.

There were then—and are right now—hundreds of kiddies in just this situation in California and elsewhere around the country, tots in tailored leather racing suits and heavy crash helmets that look like big bubbles on the kids' heads and wobble loosely, forever slipping down over their eyes. They ride scaled-down motorcycles—real motorcycles, all right, but miniaturized. Most of the children are the victims of the Little League-parent syndrome carried to its farthest reach: Don Hames would push Pete out into the races and then stand around the infield with the other dads, drinking cans of beer from their coolers

and telling each other outrageous lies about how *their* kid's bike was pure stock, right off the showroom floor, nothing added. Not true, of course. The daddies were secretly tweaking those little engines; hell, these guys would hop up toy Lionel trains. The prizes at stake were trophies, most of them teacup-size. But if a kid didn't win one, dad took it personally.

Talk about an edgy family situation. In those days, Pete represented Don Hames's last chance to have fun. Don had been a motorcycle racer in his youth. "I was an also-ran," he says now, but he has always been crazy about the sport. Don and Jo Ann Hames had two girls before Pete came along. Dawn Dee, now

continued



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Awaiting the start of a heat, Hames ponders his move up to the Pro Expert circuit.

SLICK SLIDE continued

22, and Lisa, 19, and Don tried to turn them into racers, with no luck. He bought a minibike for Dawn Dee, which she rejected, and then bought her a real, expensive, quarter-midget race car, just like A.J. Foyt had as a kid. But Dawn Dee wasn't having any of it.

It wasn't until Don backed off and got hold of his emotions that the family tension dissipated. But then Pete had quit motorcycle racing and scampered off to play baseball and flag football—football, for God's sake, how embarrassing—but

Don determinedly kept quiet about it. And then, when Pete was eight, Don bought the kid another present. One more try. It would be better this time, Don vowed, much more fun. No more nagging, no pressure. "Look at this, Pete," he said. "It's a new Honda XR75. And Daddy's going to hop it up."

There are no more angry bumblebees—the sound has grown now into a high-pitched snarl that echoes off the foothills on this chill California night. A pack of motorcycles in full howl creates a weird and discomforting effect: The sound ac-

tually hurts the teeth, the way a dentist's high-speed drill does before it ever touches the tooth. There are 10 real racing bikes in this heat on the half-mile track at Corona Raceway, all skidding and jostling through the corners, canted sharply to the left and throwing up plate-size divots of wet red clay.

No. 87R is the one to watch. It's a Harley-Davidson XR750, one of only 600 built, an exotic, mean bike made for just one purpose, dirt-track racing. The Harley, a mix of brutal and strangely delicate parts, churns out perhaps 65 hp—"a god-damn rocket ship," says Don. It screams down the back straightaway at about 85 mph, and because of the poor lighting at Corona, it seems to flicker along as it goes, passing two, three, four other bikes. The rider throws it into a long slide at the corner, thrusting his left leg out for support. And then, straightening up coming off the curve, he half rises from the seat and yanks up and back on the handlebars. The motorcycle rears up in the beginning of a wheelie and then slams down with an even louder snarl, shooting forward "He does that to force weight onto the rear wheel," says Don. "It loads up the power instantly and shoots the bike ahead."

There's nothing smooth about any of this. It would be different on pavement, but racing at this speed on unevenly graded dirt seems to give the bike a life of its own. No. 87R bucks and fights the rider, and he controls it with hard, punching moves. He's wearing a two-pound, strap-on steel sole on his left boot, slightly turned up at the toe, and when he drags it along in the turns like an outrigger, it occasionally fires sparks.

Once more around and the heat is over, and No. 87R, the easy winner, comes rumbling into the infield. The rider, skinny and caved in at the stomach, lifts off his helmet and shakes his head, creating, in this dim light, an explosion of golden ringlets. He gives his dad a long, knowing look, of a secret shared. Then they break into wide grins.

So here's Pete Eugene Hames: retired at five, reactivated at eight, now 17 years old. He's a junior in high school, which has absolutely no bearing on anything that will follow here, he's barely hanging on at Sim Valley High, doing just well enough to graduate next year and then that's it with school forever. More important now, to Pete and all the people starting to surround him, he's a full-blown

continued

With Hames handling the bike's throttle, Storz takes a dyno reading on his creation.



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They're both at the Bell PhoneCenter. Now that's easy enough to remember. The Bell PhoneCenter. It's for you.

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9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Vantage ple
When

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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you want good taste and low tar, too.



A two-cent nail shouldn't stop a luxury car.

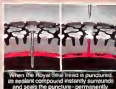
This year, new Continental owners will enjoy a most sensible luxury: The Uniroyal Royal Seal.

The Royal Seal all-season tire is the first steel-belted radial successfully designed to seal permanently most tread punctures of 3/16" in diameter or less. In any weather, in all temperatures.

This dramatic performance claim is backed by a no-questions-asked warranty. It provides for a free replacement of any Royal Seal tire that becomes unserviceable due to any tread puncture within the first twelve months or 25% wear (whichever comes first).

The Royal Seal is now available as standard equipment on the Continental, and is an option on many other luxury automobiles. You can also buy Royal Seals at your local Uniroyal dealer.

With Uniroyal Royal Seals, a two-cent nail shouldn't stop a luxury car. And that may be the most comforting luxury of all.



professional dirt-track racer. He's now on a schedule, with one season to go as a so-called Junior Pro, the last round before he gets his Expert license and a shot at all of the big stuff he wants. What Pete wants, in order, are the Grand National Championship in dirt-track racing and then the world road-racing title.

It's eminently possible that he'll get them. This isn't a sort of gut-feeling prediction, as it might have been for someone spotting a young Cassius Clay in the 1960 Olympics. Motorcycle racing is vastly different from other sports, with very few subtleties. It doesn't treat its young as some other sports do. Youthful bike racers aren't expected to run fast and then train on a shoestring to run ever faster. Too many commercial forces are involved and too much money is at stake in motorcycle racing. When one considers that biking tots start competing practically before they're toilet trained, it's no wonder that the kiddie burnout rate is terrific. Inordinately few youngsters make it as far as Pete has—that is, to the do-or-die world-class starters. There are, among the current Junior Pros, Pete Hames, Matt Rozowicz, 17, from New York, and Danny Ingram, also 17, from Indiana; the three of them, in effect, make up the dirt track class of 1982. There are no Cinderella stories in motorcycling, which in an odd way lends the sport a certain gritty purity. If it looks as if the kid has it, he's helped, a sort of benign fix is put in. A bit at first—like a helmet or gloves, for example—and if the recipient reciprocates by running still faster, he's given a bit more. Gradually things start to cling to him. Sponsors appear, in small ways at first, perhaps in the form of someone who can tune the kid's bikes better than dad does. Then "pieces" are offered: tail pipes, tires, leathers. Soon wheels and whole bikes appear, and the operation takes on shine. Factories send parts, the good stuff that will trickle into the normal commercial pipeline at some later date; appearance money is paid. Finally, the kid is left with only one thing to do: race on ever superior bikes maintained by ever more crafty experts and engineers. All this equipment and skill is far more expensive than anything his lesser competitors, the ones who aren't cut in on the goodies, can afford. Paul Dean, editorial director of *Cycle Guide* magazine, calls it "the creative way of buying people."

And Pete has many of these things:

He's here at Corona Raceway on this damp February night with not one but three glistening bikes—a 250 Kawasaki, a Yamaha 500 and the fearsome Harley—a 17-year-old kid, whose Dad works in heavy construction, with more than \$11,000 worth of rolling stock. He has a bike for all occasions; the night's total purse is \$1,500, and Hames will get \$550 of it, winning practically everything on the program. "If there ever was a natural racer, Pete's it," says Elaine Jones, the race director. "He's really aggressive, and that's what it takes on dirt. He's not afraid to bang the bars on that bike."

A final tip-off to what the future might hold comes from someone in the background—the shadowy Steve Storz, legendary in the sport as a winning tuner and crew chief. He's presiding over this delicate transition in Pete's career. For 3½ years, until 1979, Storz engineered national championships for Harley riders—and now he's to Pete what Frankenstein was to the Monster. The soft-spoken Storz runs his own shop in Ventura, Calif. with no identifying sign on door or window. "I don't like drop-in trade and I won't work on street bikes," he says. Storz "built" Pete's Harley, he also maintains and sponsors it. It is said to be a wonder cycle, one like no other. Yet he stands to one side and shrugs as he says, "Sometimes the biggest performance secret of them all is the guy who's doing this..." and he holds out both hands as if gripping handlebars and twists his right hand sharply, zapping an imaginary throttle. "That's what does it."

If there really is such a thing as the California Kid Cool Culture look, this is it: Pete lives in faded jeans and a vast selection of motorcycle T-shirts hanging loose on his 5'8", 130-pound frame. He has pale blue-green eyes and dark brows and his hair is bleached naturally and curled kinkily by chemicals; sometimes it seems there's not a straight-haired kid left on the West Coast. Pete drives his Pontiac Trans Am the one mile to and from school with the tape deck set on full, blasting

out AC/DC's *For Those About to Rock*.

What, no motorcycle? A big, thudding Sportster maybe, with studded leather saddlebags and chromed pipes and a buddy seat? Or maybe a café racer with bulbous fairing and dual handlebars?

Never, never. Serious riders regard street racers as far too dangerous—"You're right out there exposed to all those maniacs"—and the cult cyclists with their zipped jackets and chains are an entirely different breed, aliens.

Nor does motocross racing hold any fascination for Pete. It's too slow and too tame: what seem to be perilous leaps and slides through gullies are just so much acrobatics. Besides, motocross bikes are strictly off-the-shelf machines; anyone can walk into any dealer, buy one, go racing and have a fair chance of staying with the leaders.

What really counts for Pete is speed on a lean, one-of-a-kind bike. "Man, you've got to love it," he says. "I mean, like you start out in a pack, see, and you've got guys running over your leg and stuff on the getaway, but you can't pay any attention to it. You got to jump right into it. And then it's dangerous, because you're all running so close; sometimes we'll overlap elbows on the turns. And then

continued



This summer Pete won't be seeing much of Dawn Doe (standing, left), Lisa (right) or his mother, Jo Ann.

FEET OF MAGIC

Magic Johnson does things to his feet that ordinary men can't even conjure up.

In a typical night of basketball, he'll do 100 30-yard windsprints. He'll set 50 brutal picks. Take 8 jump shots. Do a half dozen slamdunks, a little sky walking, and grab 9 rebounds.

And, every time, he'll come smashing down onto the parquet with almost 6 times his body weight.

A torturous regimen that can only attest to the durability of his feet, the quality of his shoes. Or both.



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SLACK BLADE continued

you can fall off and get runned over by the whole field or you can hit someone else. But then you get it sorted out and you're gone, passing everybody. There ain't no groove on a dirt track, not really. If you can get around 'em on the high side, do it. Then you got to throw it in, get the whole bike sideways in the turns. It's weird; you're riding this way and lookin' that way. And then

"He shrugs. "And then you come in and everybody gathers around you and it's neat."

It was the discovery of speed that did it for little Pete, of course. Some folks are born to go fast. Once he found that this was what Don had been leading up to back in those old days, father and son began forging a relationship that is now close and loving. "That ol' Pete, he just hates to lose," Don says. "I'm not mean to him anymore, he's mean enough to himself now."

Pete won the American Motorcycle Association's Southern California district minibike championship in 1976, and then, advancing through the amateur classes, he won the national junior half-mile dirt-track title for the next three years in a row. In July 1980, Hanes became the national amateur half-mile champion among 250-cc riders. His Novice Pro season last year stirred up a significant cloud of dust—he won most everything he entered and emerged second in the nation, mixing out on first mostly because he didn't have the time to go tank-towning all around the circuit collecting more title points. The top spot went to Roznowicz, who is assuredly no slouch, but on the three occasions they showed up at the same track, Pete beat Matt every time.

Still, despite the sponsors' support that had started to come in, Don spent \$20,000 on the 1981 campaign. "We've done without a whole lot of things so that Pete could go racing," he says, "and while we're glad to do it, this is about as far as we can go."

Here's the plan for this year. As a Junior Pro, 80 AMA "advancement" points away from becoming an Expert, Pete is qualified to ride 250-, 500- and the brute 750-cc bikes. The minute school is out this spring, he's gone—he'll load the three bikes into Don's big Dodge van and



Don has been behind Pete's racing from the start.

spend the entire summer barnstorming the dirt-track circuit. There are a ton of races on the schedule, with a sprinkling of major ones, and Pete plans to make a race a week, and more where possible. A buddy will go along to help: one guy driving the van across the vast Midwest, where most of the races are, and one guy curled up in back with the tires and tanks and tools. At the far end of all this lies the Junior Pro title and the future riches it promises.

And the riches are really rich. For a rookie expert pro, a factory sponsorship usually runs anywhere from \$25,000 to \$40,000 a year in salary—plus all the bikes he can use, a van to carry them, a crew to keep them running and contingency money—and he gets to keep all of his purses. And it goes up, up, up from there: Current 500-cc world champ Marco Lucchinelli, 28, of Italy, once a ship-board waiter and putative crooner, jumped from Suzuki to Honda after winning the title last year. The price to switch: a basic contract estimated at \$390,000 and loaded with extras. And Kenny Roberts, 30, who sprang from precisely the same California dirt-track origins as Pete to become twice the Grand National and three times the world road-racing champion, is a mil-

lionaire and is constantly adding to his wealth, he is the highest-paid motorcycle rider in the world, at an estimated \$1 million a year.

"These next two years, the pressure starts on Pete," says H.J. (Dusty) Behrman, a racer-promoter who hopes to handle Pete's career. "Just think! It all comes at once. The young champ suddenly discovers what it's like for someone to take him to dinner—and not at a Taco Bell, but out there with the real people. Sponsors lavish money on their riders and parade them around; lovely women want to meet them. At the top of this sport, you've got perhaps 20 guys who are 18 and 19 years old and they're making hundreds of thousands a year. They're like rock stars, except they've got more than flash."

But with all that comes the danger of the dread burnout. Maybe it's a case of too much too soon, more likely, it's a case of the kids not being ready for such sud-

den motocross rider who began making himself noticed at 13, turned pro at 16 and committed suicide at 21.

But there's a saving factor: Such emotional unsteadiness occurs more often in motocross than in dirt-track and road racing. In motocross the relative equality of the factory-sponsored bikes places the burden of winning more squarely on the rider. An outstanding rider can win on a mediocre bike, in dirt-track and road racing that just doesn't happen. If a mediocre rider has a bike that can do 185 mph tops on the straights at Daytona, the best rider in the world on a bike that can do 180 stands almost no chance—and everyone, including the team managers, knows it. There's also an opinion that motocrossers are a more sophisticated and thinking group than their dirt-track and road-racing counterparts, as witness the emotionally lumplike Luccharelli and, most assuredly, the stoic Roberts.

"Racing is fun," says Pete, "but one of the funny things about it is that you can't break your concentration long enough to enjoy it. You can only enjoy a race looking back on it after it's all over." And he reached that most mature conclusion at 17, at the mere beginnings of the new season. The February opener against other top Junior Pros in Houston went both ways: He finished eighth in the short-track event and fourth in the feature, a bit disappointing, but still better than Rozowicz, who finished third in the first event and not at all in the other. Things improved greatly in March, when Pete used a two-week school vacation to take a swing through the South, where he won two of six dirt-track events and gained points in scratch heats and seems, to bring his AMA advancement-point total to 46. Now, midway through the season it stands at 95.

In seeking sponsors, Behrman wrote a fancy résumé for the kid and had it printed up. Right there, under "hobbies," it says, *playwriting*.

"Oh, that," Pete says. "Well, we decided to leave it like that because it sort of makes me look smart. See, what happened was, when Dusty asked me what my hobby was, I said, 'Oh, I don't know, I like play-riding,' meaning riding my trail bike around And..."

Never mind. Forget it, Pete. What really counts, as Storz says, is that twist of the right hand. Zap, zap, zap.

SHOES OF MAGIC



Magic Johnson wears Converse shoes at every performance he gives.

The reason?

In addition to being handsome and lightweight (even in size 14½), Converse shoes are made on a special model of the human foot called a *last*.

Partly art. Partly science. No one else has the Converse last. So no other basketball shoe feels like a Converse, fits like a Converse, or protects like a Converse. But that should be obvious.

Magic Johnson wears 'em. And he's still up to his same old tricks.



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James already has a lock on his career.

den celebrity just for doing what they always wanted to do: go very fast. It's more than a little tough to make an adjustment from trying to remember the date of the Battle of Gettysburg to remembering the date the Ferrari you received as a bonus has to be brought in to have its oil changed. According to Behrman, most burnouts come in the rookie pro year. Indeed, he knows of several such cases, most recently and tragically, the one of a



by Jim Kaplan

That Bonnell is the majors' top batter is fitting, because so far this season every manner of stroke—right, wrong, weak, strong—seems to be working. According to official statistics released by the league offices early last week, the American League average of .263 and the National League's .260 were both 10 points higher than the averages through a comparable number of games last season. Sixty-four players were batting more than .300, as compared with 42 in 1981, and the number of teams hitting better than .250 had risen from 19 to 22.

Nor is Bonnell the only individual showing unexpected prowess at the plate. At the end of last week Pittsburgh First Baseman Jason Thompson, a .262 career hitter, was batting .344 and Baltimore Leftfielder John Lowenstein was at .333, up from .245.

Traditionally, hitting doesn't take off until after the Memorial Day weekend, when doubleheaders pile up, weather and batters get hot and pitchers wilt. But not this year. And the difference between 1981 and 1982 can't be laughed off as a

once. "It wouldn't surprise me if they've jacked up the balls," says Texas Pitcher Doc Medich. "So why are they being so devious about it? If I was in charge, I'd run a big advertising campaign. Maybe they think they're slipping something by the Players Association." Other pitchers think the hitters are slipping in more corked bats. Then there's the hitters—are stronger and better-trained routine, we've heard that before, too.

National League pitchers have been pounded so often that scoring has taken a quantum leap—from 7.81 runs a game to 10.01. Pitchers in both leagues have been put at a disadvantage by the umpires' closer attention to brushbacks. "They've taken the high hard one away," says Cleveland Manager Dave Garcia. "I believe it's a factor in the higher averages." Minnesota batting coach Jim Lemon agrees. Warnings against the high hard one have made it safer for a batter to dig in. As a result, Lemon says, "We instruct our batters to keep looking for the pitch low and away."

Perhaps the most important factor, says Mets Coach Frank Howard, is that "Clubs are placing more emphasis on run production. I think people realize that run production is attractive. With increased production come all the good things: defensive plays involving the outfield, headfirst slides, base running." Not to mention higher gate receipts. No wonder six teams—Milwaukee, Oakland, Texas, San Diego, San Francisco and the Chicago White Sox—made their parks more attractive to hitters after last season, while only two, Seattle and Detroit, raised or moved back their fences.

Then there's the new Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome in Minneapolis, the garden spot of the hitting universe. Through Sunday 63 homers and 235 runs had been produced there in 23 games—a 2.83-homer, 10.22-run-per-game pace that was well above the American League averages of 1.55 and 8.81. Playing at old Metropolitan Stadium last season, the Twins and their opponents averaged only 1.18 homers and 8.28 runs. Talk

continued

The averages aren't average

Barry Bonnell of Toronto is leading a ferocious assault against pitchers

Outfielder Barry Bonnell of the Toronto Blue Jays has a batting stroke that isn't recommended for everyone. He stands straight and holds his hands high and away from the body. He doesn't pull back the bat until the pitcher is into his motion. But when Bonnell uncorks toward the ball, hoo boy, look out.

One can imagine the complaints of batting coaches who have worked with Bonnell over the years: "Get those hands down, son. Bat back. Ain't no way you're gonna become a major league hitter like that." At times Bonnell has taken their advice, but for the most part he has clung to the unorthodox style taught him by his father, Bob. A good thing, too, because at week's end Bonnell, a .220 hitter in 1981, was leading both the American and National Leagues with a .389 average.

product of prestrike tension vs. poststrike relief. The National League average was that league's highest and the American League's its second highest at this point in the season since 1977.

Explanations are as diverse as batting styles. Some baseball men claim the trend is merely part of a cycle. "It's just a matter of time before the pitchers catch up," says Phil Garner of the Astros. California's Bob Boone reasons that "After 120 years, maybe people finally figured out how to hit."

Also being heard is the old refrain that the bats and balls are livelier than ever. The Haitian-made balls have from one to five dots on them next to the trademark, and the players swear the two- and three-dotters, which comprise most of the balls this season, have more bounce to the

June 7

Dad,
You often told me I should
seek my goals with passion; but
enjoy the rewards in moderation.
It's that kind of thinking that
makes Father's Day as special
to me as you are.

Happy Father's Day!
Love
Jerry

Crown Royal

We tip our hat
to all the fathers
of the world
who've taught their
children the values
of drinking only
in moderation.

Myers's. The first collection of luxury rums.



MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE.
Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK.
The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The Beginning of the Myers's Flavor Legend.

MYERS'S GOLDEN RICH.
A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.

Myers's Rums. The taste is priceless.

MYERS'S RUMS, 80 PROOF FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. ORIGINAL DARK IMPORTED AND BOTTLED IN BALTIMORE, MD. PLATINUM WHITE AND GOLDEN RICH PRODUCED IN ANNEBO, FK.

about change: As the Yankees beat the Twins 10-5 in the dome last Friday night, the teams clubbed a major league season-high eight homers, one an inside-the-parker that came when New York Leftfielder Lou Piniella lost a fly ball in the lights, or the roof, or something.

Of course, the six National League parks with artificial turf have always been conducive to high-paced offenses. Lately, teams have structured themselves more than ever to take advantage of these surfaces. "You have more speed involved," says Cub Manager Lee Elia, "and more switch hitters like Tim Lincecum, Garry Templeton and Ozzie Smith. You get more base hits and you have a lot of movement on the bases that creates opportunities for hits, especially on AstroTurf."

Finally, there's the influence of White Sox Batting Coach Charley Lau. With three different teams—the Royals and Yankees before the Sox—Lau has preached a disciplined rather than a wild-swinging hitting approach. In his system, the batter stands deep in the box and away from the plate, with his weight on the back foot; he swings down on the ball, getting full extension of his arms and hitting the ball up the middle more and pulling it less. Though the injury-riddled Yankees were batting only .261 at week's end, the Royals were leading the majors with a .290 average and the White Sox were fourth in the American League at .275. Moreover, St. Louis, whose manager, Whitey Herzog, worked with Lau in K.C., led the National League at .276.

Says Bonnell, baseball's hottest hitter of the moment, "I haven't changed anything mechanically, but I have changed my attitude. I'm going up there trying to be superaggressive." Bonnell's roommate, Infielder Garth Iorg, has noticed the difference. "In the past he'd worried about getting walks and wouldn't swing until he got the perfect pitch," says Iorg. "This year he's going right after the ball, hitting it to right and left, swinging the bat."

Bonnell, 28, could always swing the bat. After hitting .300 as an Atlanta rookie in 1977, he was hailed as a coming star. But when he was forced to switch from the outfield to third base in 1978, he slipped to .240. "That was the worst year of my life," he says, "and it was my own fault. I had a hard time adjusting. I rebelled and pouted. Later I had a talk with myself, and I think I became a better per-

son for it. I was able to go with the flow."

Or more accurately, the turbulence. In 1979 (.259) Bonnell was back in the outfield, platooning at center with Rowland Office. During the off-season the Braves traded him to Toronto, whereupon Milwaukee Pitcher Larry Sorensen disrupted Bonnell's 1980 campaign (.268) by breaking a bone in his face with a pitch. And last Aug. 24 Bonnell was lost for the season with strained knee tendons.

He began the 1982 season platooning in left against lefthanded pitching. In his first start Bonnell went 5 for 5 to begin a 12-game hitting streak. Nonetheless, Manager Bobby Cox didn't make him a full-time regular until last week. "Bobby has been platooning from the word go," says Bonnell, "and that makes us all more aggressive." Indeed, Bonnell is one of four Blue Jays batting better than .300. It's a hitter's year.

THE WEEK

(May 24-30)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST

Former Pirate Pitcher Jim Rooker, who's now a Pittsburgh broadcaster, vowed not to shave until the last-place Bucs (2-4) get to first. Don Robinson had two hits while beating the Dodgers 9-3 and hurling the Pirates' first complete game of the season. Despite three more hits his next time out, Robinson, who is batting .360 this year, lost. Rooker may have a long beard.

The Expos (5-1) played some hair-raising games of their own. Woodie Fryman had to come on in the ninth to seal Bill Gullickson's 2-0 triumph in Houston. It took a three-run homer in the eighth by Gary Carter to make Steve Rogers a 4-1 victor over Cincinnati. And Tim Lincecum's three-run home run highlighted a four-run 10th that did in the Astros 4-0. That victory went to Charlie Lea, who gave up a single to the second batter he faced and then retired the next 26 before being lifted. The win concluded a 6-0 road trip for Montreal, its best ever. Those victories were also part of a winning streak that reached eight games. In a week in which Expo pitchers had an 0.78 ERA and held opponents to a .214 batting average, two of the best outings were by pitchers who have overcome arm troubles. Lea was told late last year that his arthritic elbow would keep him from ever pitching again. And David Palmer, who had elbow surgery in November of 1980, pitched for the

first time since then and yielded only two hits in six innings while gaining a 6-1 victory over Houston.

Two pitchers who were woeful early this season continued their resurgence for Philadelphia (3-2). Steve Carlton, once 1-4, improved his record to 6-6 by beating the Reds 9-1 and the Braves 6-2. Dick Ruthven, who was 1-3, boosted his mark to 4-3 by defeating Atlanta 1-0 on five hits. In his last five starts, Ruthven has given up a total of only 18 hits and three runs while lowering his ERA from 3.99 to 2.49.

St. Louis (5-1) got .550 hitting from Mike Ramsey, who took over at second for injured Tommy Herr. Joaquin Andujar shut out the Giants 6-0, and Bruce Sutter chalked up his 13th and 14th saves. Dane Iorg's run-scoring single wrapped up a three-run, bottom-of-the-ninth rally that earned the Cardinals past the Padres 6-5 on Sunday.

Five whiffs in one game put Dave Kingman of the Mets (3-3) in the major league record book with 22 others who have flied away with like futility. But three saves by Neil Allen rescued New York. Ferguson Jenkins of the Cubs (3-3) also made it into the book, becoming the seventh pitcher to rack up 3,000 strikeouts. Bill Buckner merely joined the list of players who have sufficed with their managers. It all began when Buckner was knocked down by a pitch by San Diego's Tim Lincecum. Chicago's Don Larson then hit the Padres' Tim Lincecum, apparently in retaliation. At the end of that inning, Cub Manager Lee Elia, believing that Buckner had usurped his authority by egging on Larson, engaged Buckner in a brief brawl. Buckner denied Elia's allegations but subsequently apologized to him. Three last-inning hits led to Cub victories. Gary Woods knocking off the Padres 5-3 and Ryne Sandberg breaking off the Dodgers 4-3 and 3-2 on successive days.

STL 30-18 MONT 24-20 NY 26-21
PHI 23-21 CHC 21-27 PIT 18-26

NL WEST

"The organization is a loser," said an angry Jack Clark of San Francisco (2-4) on Wednesday. Owner Bob Lute suggested that Clark, who was hitting .215 at the time, should glance in a mirror. Next time out, Clark slugged two home runs and had five RBIs to finish off the Pirates 10-5. Then, in an almost identical performance the next night, Clark again homered twice and drove across six runs to finish off Pittsburgh 9-5.

Tim Lincecum of the Padres (3-3) also responded well to criticism. Manager Dick Williams was upset when the front office refused to sign former Expo Infielder Rodney Scott after San Diego Second Baseman Juan Boella was injured and lost for the season. Williams then knocked the fielding of Flannery, who had taken over at second. But even Williams smiled when Flannery doubled in a run

continued

in the ninth to help beat St. Louis 4-2. Rupert Jones took over the league batting lead with a .348 average. Alan Wiggins was hitting .326, and his five steals put him fifth in that category, with 17. Wiggins also helped turn a single by Lonnie Smith of St. Louis into a double play during the 4-2 win over the Cardinals. Pitcher Jojoquin Andujar was out trying to go from first to third on Smith's hit. Third Baseman Luis Salazar then had the ball scooped from his hand by Andujar. In the confusion, Smith sped to third, beating a wild throw from Shortstop Gary Templeton, who had recovered the loose ball. Wiggins, alertly dashing in from leftfield, retrieved the ball and fired it back to Templeton, who was covering third. Templeton tagged out Smith, who had rounded the base too far.

"My stomach needed that," said Manager Joe Torre after his first-place Braves (5-2) coasted past the Mets 10-2. Four hits by Larry Whisenand that day helped settle down Torre, whose stomach had acted up while Atlanta was losing 10 of its previous 19 games.

The Dodgers (3-3) defeated the Pirates 5-2 and 3-2 behind Fernando Valenzuela and Jerry Reuss, respectively. Steve Sax had three hits in each of those games and batted .345 for the week. On Sunday, Valenzuela came back to earn his seventh victory by shutting out the Cubs 7-0.

The Astros (2-4), who are usually at home in their dome, last week were 0-3 in Houston, where their record for the year is 9-15. After giving up four runs to the Cardinals in the 10th inning of what had been a scoreless game, Reliever Frank LaCorte burned his uniform jersey. In New York, though, the Astros caught fire, winning 8-3 behind Nolan Ryan and 5-2 behind Joe Niekro. Ryan's heater was superb as he struck out 11 Mets in 5½ innings before leaving with a groin pull. Niekro struck out nine.

Last-place Cincinnati (3-3) was learning to delight in small things, such as Tom Seaver's seven strong innings against Montreal. Earlier, Seaver, 1-6 on the year, had said, "I don't think I've ever pitched this badly for this long." Mario Soto, who has never pitched so well for so long, shut out Philadelphia 2-0 with a four-hit, 10-strikeout performance. During May, Soto has had a 1.70 ERA and a 4-2 record.

ATL 27-19 SD 24-21 LA 25-24
HOUS 21-27 SF 21-28 CIN 19-27

AL EAST Two hits apiece by Toby Harrah, Mike Hargrove and Von Hayes helped Cleveland (6-0) beat Chicago 5-2 and snap LaMarr Hoyt's string of 14 wins going back to Aug. 27, 1981. Hayes also homered as Larry Sorensen beat the Twins 7-0, and his shot in the ninth inning led to a 2-1 triumph in Minnesota. Harrah's 10th homer and Andre Thornton's league-leading 13th topped Cleveland 4-2.

BALL PARK FIGURES

This All-Tall team consists of the tallest regular at each position in the majors:

1B Dave Kingman, Mets	6' 6"
2B Bobby Grich, Cal	6' 3"
3B Eric Cabell, Det	6' 5"
SS Bill Almon, WSox	6' 3"
OF Dave Winfield, Yanks	6' 6"
OF Dale Murphy, Atl	6' 5"
OF Dave Parker, Pitt	6' 5"
C Terry Kennedy, SD	6' 4"
DH Cliff Johnson, Oak	6' 4"
SP Mike Witt, Cal	6' 7"
RP Tim Lincecum, Balt	6' 7"

Dave Revering's five RBIs—the last one in the ninth—earned Toronto (3-3) past Baltimore 11-10. Dave Stieb defeated New York 7-0 for his third shutout victory.

Sammy Stewart of the Orioles (4-3) also tossed a shutout—6-0 over the Rangers—the first of his four-year career. Mike Flanagan's scoreless-inning streak was broken at 37, but he held off the Blue Jays 3-1, giving him a 14-4 record against them. Gary Roenicke hit his 10th, 11th and 12th home runs.

Lou Whitaker of the Tigers (2-3), who hadn't homered all season, hit two in one game to beat the A's 6-4. Lance Parrish, who batted .467, slugged a homer to help Milt Wilcox win 7-4 in Oakland. But Detroit, which leads the league in fielding, lost two games to the Mariners—one by a 7-6 score because of four errors, the other 4-2 because of a two-run miscue. Errors, nine of them, also hounded the Brewers (2-4). This shoddy glove work negated nine homers and helped drop Milwaukee below .500.

Mark Cleary's ninth save for Boston (2-3) equaled his total for all of last season. In 33 innings of relief work, Cleary has struck out 37.

Oscar Gamble of the Yankees (4-1) was on a roll, batting .526 and driving in the go-ahead run in the sixth as New York won 10-5 in Minnesota. The first of Gamble's two homers on the week helped Tommy John breeze past the Blue Jays 8-0. And RBI singles in the 10th inning by Willie Randolph and Gamble defeated the Twins again, 8-6. That victory went to reliever Goose Gossage, his second in three days.

BOS 20-17 DET 28-17 NY 24-20 CLEV 22-23
BAL 22-24 MIL 22-23 TOR 20-26

AL WEST When the Rangers (3-3) showed up at Arlington Stadium on Monday, there were 10 pistol-packing security men at the gates. No, there wasn't any shootout. But there wasn't any game, either. This was all business—10 hours of hush-hush meetings with nettled club executives who were gunning for ways to get the

Rangers out of sixth place. Also on hand was a systems analyst brought along by team president Eddie Chiles to organize a goal-setting program for the players. The result? Texas got its most lopsided victories of the season, 8-2 and 8-1 over Kansas City. In between, though, the Rangers suffered their worst loss, 14-1 to the Royals (2-4). The main man for K.C. during that 19-hit outburst was Hal McKee, who had five singles and batted .480 for the week.

Going, going, gone? It sure was. Exactly where the long drive by Greg Luzinski of the White Sox (2-4) went was uncertain, but it did clear the centerfield fence at fog-shrouded Comiskey Park. Luzinski's lengthy blast against the Royals set off the Sox's exploding scoreboard, the smoke from which further belated the field and forced a 10-minute delay in play. Luzinski finished the night with two home runs and six runs batted in as Chicago won 7-5.

The Angels (3-2) got some good hitting from unexpected sources. Bob Boone, a .211 batter last season, raised his average to .286 with a .385 week. California also continued to get solid hitting from Tim Lincecum, who has batted .444 over 13 games.

Catcher Rick Sweet, who grew up in Longview, Wash., and who had pleaded with the Mets to trade him to Seattle (4-1), got his wish on May 21 and promptly went 7 for 15 with two homers. Gary Gray, fresh up from Salt Lake City, also homered twice and drove in seven runs. Gray's first four bagger en-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JACK CLARK The San Francisco outfielder ended a season-long slump by slamming five homers (to give him nine), driving in 12 runs (he now has 33) and raising his average to .226 with a .429 slug.

abled Gaylord Perry to pick up his 301st victory, 4-2 over Detroit. Relief ace Bill Caudill gained his sixth win and his sixth and seventh saves of the season.

Rickey Henderson's three steals plus Tom Underwood's three-hitter carried Oakland (2-3) past the Brewers 7-2. Four more thefts by Henderson on Sunday helped Steve McCarty defeat Detroit 10-3. Henderson has 49 steals in 48 games, a pace that would easily wipe out Lou Brock's modern mark of 118 and even the all-time record of 156 by Harry Stowey set in 1888.

Neither four homers in one game nor a triple play in the next could prevent the last-place Twins (0-6) from losing to the Yankees 10-5 and 6-4, respectively. All of which helped extend Minnesota's latest losing streak to 11 games.

CAL 31-17 CHI 26-17 KC 24-21 SEA 24-26
OAK 23-26 TEX 14-28 MIN 12-38



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The Rocky Files (a rerun)

by Frank Deford

In No. III, Sylvester Stallone, that Rocky of ages, whumps away at Mr. T



Wepner, a sanguinary pug, Apollo Creed was a transparent Ali; even Rocky's nickname—The Italian Stallion—belonged to an All-America football player at Alabama, Johnny Musso. Stallone's facility for adapting real events to Rocky movies has made it easier for him to churn out Rocky copes that have all the blood and melodrama of the original, without its charm and poignancy.

You may, for example, recall Rocky III, which was foisted upon spectatorkind in

May of 1982. In this saga, which was filmed in a breathless 37 days by Director Stallone, Rocky first meets Thunderlips, the world champion wrestler (Hulk Hogan), just as Ali once took on a Japanese wrestler. Then Rocky spends the balance of the movie fighting a pug with a Mohican haircut named Clubber Lang, played by a sometime bodyguard and bouncer who calls himself Mr. T. Those who recall how Ali performed the rope-adop against George Foreman in Zaire guessed the outcome of this film even before the main fight sequence began. As shameless as this steal from real life was, it was outdone by Stallone's *Chariots of Fire* imitation, with Rocky running on the beach to fancy background music.

Students of the Rocky series noticed early on that as the plots grew more insipid, Stallone compensated with a) more graphic ring mayhem and b) louder music. The latter resulted, by Rocky XII—when the perennial champion and Apollo join with Dorothy Lamour in a laff-filled trip on the road to the Falklands—

in many viewers suffering broken eardrums. Two years and six pictures later, in *Rocky Meets Abbott and Costello*, ticket buyers were required to purchase monogrammed Rocky Balboa ear protection at the box office.

Still, Rocky's appeal remains as universal as any comic strip you can name. Walt Disney's Rocky, filmed entirely underwater, was a crucial step in the process of making Rocky an idol for kids of all ages. As that film begins, Rocky wakes up one morning to discover that he's really a Waring blender who can both fly and predict winning lottery numbers. The Disneyesque hijinks proceed from there. Earlier, after Rocky IV, President Reagan presented Stallone with the Congressional Medal of Honor. As you must surely recall, Rocky IV is the movie in which Senator Jesse Helms (Jack Warden) pushes through a special Act of Congress restoring Rocky's amateur standing so that he can go to the Los Angeles Olympics and defeat the Communist Teo Stevenson of Cuba, thereby at last returning the gold medal to the U.S. of A., where it damn well belongs.

Hollywood itself honored Stallone at the 1991 Oscars, presenting him with both the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award and the Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Award (a first for that elusive double) for his patriotic and artistic Rocky themes and for his remarkable feat of producing in six months, as Stallone did at his peak, the following films: Rocky XVI, Rocky Meets the Ghost of Elvis Presley, Rocky XVIII, Son of Rocky (starring Robby Benson), Rocky Goes Hawaiian, Rocky XX, Mother of Rocky (starring Shelley Long), Rocky XXI—Annie XIV, Rocky XXII Goes to Super Bowl XXIV, and Rocky X (co-starring Marilyn Chambers), which is not to be confused with Rocky X, wherein, you will remember, Rocky and Adrian have a flashback to the time when they reached puberty and ended up on a desert island without any clothes.

Next: Rocky XXXVIII. Soon to be at a theater near you.

In Rocky XXXVII, which opened the other day at every movie theater in America, the ubiquitous Rocky gang has joined the crew of the starship *Enterprise*. Paulie is such a complete pain that even Mr. Spock gets emotional; Apollo Creed has an affair with Lieut. Uhura; and Bones heals Rocky's detached retina just in time to help him win the heavyweight championship of the universe over a three-legged, five-armed giant from the planet Steinbrenner. This film isn't to be confused with *Rocky Meets Lassie*, which opened three weeks ago. As you recall, in that epic Butkus was the Westminster Kennel Club Show and then in a tearful farewell leaves Rocky to play Nana in a road show of *Peter Pan*.

This endless Rocky series started many years ago, when Sylvester Stallone wrote and starred in an absolute gem of a movie. Rocky deservedly won the Academy Award for Best Picture in 1976. Of course, it helped that, as a writer, Stallone is an accomplished borrower. The title character was inspired by Chuck

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Timing is everything with a golfer like Raymond Floyd. He takes the club back with something of a subtle jerk, takes it back rather flat, then he lays it off a little at the top and pushes it down through the ball, his hips and legs doing odd things. It isn't a circus swing, and it may not look all that funny to the non-golfer, but the irregularities in it mean that Floyd's game doesn't travel all that well week to week. When he's on, however, there are few players more skilled all through the bag, and not many pros compete more tenaciously. Last week near Columbus, Ohio, in Jack Nicklausland, old Tempo Raymond, as he's known in the locker room, was definitely on, and he sneaked up on the Memorial Tournament field and did the thing he does about once a year. He won.

Floyd, who is 39, has been winning regularly on the PGA Tour for 20 years—or for nearly as long as Nicklaus has been out there. The Memorial was his 16th victory on the American tour, and the \$63,000 first-place check he received put him over the \$2 million mark for his career. He's sixth on the all-time money list. Now and then he wins a major, like the 1969 PGA or the 1976 Masters, or a semi-major, such as the 1981 TPC. There are other occasions when you don't even know Floyd is in the field, probably because his timing is off.

For a couple of days last week Floyd wasn't noticed around Nicklaus' Muirfield Village premises, what with most minds being on the weather or Roger Maltbie. But Floyd was hanging around back there in the field as the skies kept darkening and the first three rounds, repeatedly interrupted by rain and forebodings of worse weather, took an eternity to complete.

Floyd was very prominent on Sunday, though. He went out in the last threesome with the co-leaders, Maltbie and Gil Morgan, and, after birdieing the first hole, was tied with them. The three-way struggle continued for the next nine holes, with first one and then another scratching out a short-lived advantage. Then came the pivotal 11th, a meandering par-5 where Floyd saved the tournament he was going to win.

Floyd drove into a bunker and practically topped a three-iron second shot, barely getting it out of the sand. He was still 220 yards from the green and hitting into the wind. "I thought about laying up," he said later, "but then I thought, hell, this is Sunday."

He timed his three-wood lunge perfectly and put his third shot on the green, which allowed him to save par and remain within a shot of the lead. A few minutes thereafter Floyd birdied the par-4 13th to seize an advantage he would never lose.

At the uphill, upwind par-5 15th he leaned on his three-wood again and reached the greenside bunker in two. A

by Dan Jenkins

worrying about offense and defense. That's what you have to do at Muirfield. It's the toughest and best-conditioned course we play. If you start thinking about a playoff, you won't be in it. I didn't think about winning until I had a two-shot lead with two holes to play. That's when you ought to be able to handle it."

In Columbus they support the Memorial as if Ohio State were playing football on the velvet valleys of Nicklaus' course. No fewer than 2,400 volunteers were out there seeing that everything ran as per-

continued

Raymondo had the tempo

At Nicklaus' classy Memorial, Floyd got the drop on the rest of the field

flip out of the sand left him a gimme birdie that put him at seven under for the tournament; it turned out that seven under—281—would be where he'd finish after rounds of 74, 69, 67 and 71.

There was only one more sticky situation for Floyd. At the par-3 16th, he put his five-iron in the deep fringe behind a bunker, which lay between him and the pin. He had to get up and down to save par. He opened up a sand wedge and hit one of those lob shots that only a veteran knows about. It was a beauty, four feet from the pin. In went the putt. His last two pars were routine. Steady tee shots and irons into the fat part of the greens. Morgan, Maltbie, Wayne Levi and Peter Jacobson finished tied for second, two shots back.

"I never thought about winning or losing or what number it would take," Tempo Raymondo said afterward. "I was concentrating on each hole,



fectly as possible for both the contestants and the fans. The opinion on the PGA Tour is that, overall, this is the best-run tournament on the circuit, and like the Colonial, the tournament Nicklaus won two weeks ago in Fort Worth to break his 21-month dry spell, the Memorial has become a social event as well as a sporting spectacle.

Hence, the throngs keep ignoring the weather each year, and Jack's tournament has become as classy as any of those that rank directly behind the historical Big Four—the U.S. and British Opens, the Masters and our PGA. In importance, the Memorial ("the Ohio Masters") is on the same plateau with the TPC ("the real PGA"), the Crosby ("the Winter Masters") and the World Series of Golf ("the All-Star Game").

The players might put it first on that second plateau. Their judgments tend to be influenced by things like course conditioning, practice facilities, courtesy cars and freebies. From the moment the competitors arrive at Muirfield Village they can't pay for anything at the club. The spacious half-moon practice area is simply the finest in the world. The course is always in immaculate shape, and automobiles are provided for just about everybody who is anybody. There were 75 free cars last week, and every one of them was well used because of the weather.

This has been the year for bad weather on the tour, and the Nicklaus tournament was lucky to be completed, for it had some of the worst weather of all. The Memorial was the 14th tournament out of 22 so far in 1982 in which play was suspended at least once. The third round took some threesomes more than nine hours to finish because of three different interruptions for rain and/or lightning and/or twister alerts.

There are sirens in and around Columbus that alert the residents to tornadoes. Golfers from Columbus—Nicklaus, Ed Sneed and John Cook, for instance—are familiar with the sirens. When they hear them, they know to grab the babies and dive for the cellar. On Saturday, however, Sneed heard the tornado siren more than an hour before he heard the PGA siren suspending play.

"The sky was purple with a little strip of yellow under it when we walked off the 12th," said Sneed. "That's when we heard the tornado siren. I kept an eye out for those little stringy things that fall out of the clouds while we finished the

round. Then play was suspended. I was starting to wonder how many of us were going to die in order that CBS could have a telecast."

Until that long, bad Saturday, it had been Maltbie's tournament. Once a colorful tour character because of his nocturnal habits but now a serious married fellow, Maltbie had shot a four-under 68 to lead the first day and had fired a six-



Three-day leader Maltbie fired for second.

under 66 on Friday to break Memorial's 36-hole record and stretch his lead to six strokes over the field.

But on Saturday, Maltbie was forced to start three different times because of the weather, and he finally finished at 8:33 p.m. He shot 75, also thanks to yardage mistakes by his caddy.

Maltbie is the guy who won the very first Memorial in 1976, in a sudden-death playoff with Hale Irwin, when his four-iron second shot to the 17th green hit a stake supporting a gallery rope and bounced onto the green instead of going into the jungle. Maltbie carried that stake around in his golf bag for a while as a

good luck charm, but eventually left it under his bed in a motel room. Maltbie is the same fun-lover who celebrated his victory at Pleasant Valley in 1975 for so long that he went off and left the \$40,000 first-prize check in a bar. A duplicate check had to be issued. Maltbie dropped from prominence after winning the Memorial, and he has only lately reappeared, largely because of his wife, Donna, who helps him remember what his profession is.

Before Donna came along, Maltbie distinguished himself at the Memorial by setting two other records, both in the 1979 tournament. He shot the highest back nine ever recorded, a 50, and the highest 18, a 92. "I lost that round in a big, too," he says.

At the start of play last Sunday, it was virtually anybody's Memorial. Fourteen players were within three strokes of each other as Maltbie went out for the final 18 in a tie for the lead with Morgan. Morgan had gained his half of the lead late Saturday afternoon with his own kind of luck with a four-iron. Coming to the last hole trailing Maltbie by two shots, Morgan hit what he called a "smooth four-iron" from, it was said, 167 yards out. The ball landed six inches from the cup and rolled in for an eagle deuce—and a 67.

And then there was Floyd, whose opening 74 had left him six strokes behind Maltbie and whose second-round 69 had only lost ground for him. But his third-round 67 had quietly pulled him to within a stroke of Maltbie and Morgan with 18 to play.

Suddenly, it made sense that Floyd was in contention. Golfers often play well in streaks, and only a week earlier Floyd had tied at Atlanta before losing a one-hole playoff to Keith Fergus, the defender at Memorial. Floyd has said he skips the Memorial every few years because he has never learned how to play the course. This was a good one for him to have been at. His timing was right in more ways than one, it seems.

Though after seven years of the Memorial the winner has yet to break 280 on Nicklaus' course, Jack was shaking his head Sunday evening and saying he wished that just one time the course could play fast. Hard fairways, firm greens, no dampness.

"It was plenty fast for me, Jack," said Tempo Raymondo. "If you ever do get it just the way you want it, none of us will be here."

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Two grand dames at sea

by Sarah Pileggi

Santana and Dorade met in a match race of oldies but very goodies

This wasn't a boat race," said Tom Conroy, commodore of the St. Francis Yacht Club, on Saturday afternoon, May 22. "This was a yachting event." And so saying, Conroy presented to Ted and Tom Eden, owners of *Santana*, a 91-year-old silver loving cup with curvaceous fin-de-siècle sirens engraved on its sides. Earlier that afternoon on wind-whipped San Francisco Bay, the Edens' Olin Stephens-designed yawl, built in 1935, had defeated another famous Stephens yawl, the 52-year-old *Dorade*, in a match race, an event as anachronistic as the boats themselves.

The whole idea of such a match—one wealthy sporting gent challenging another with nothing at stake except pride—is romantic enough in this age of George Steinbrenner, but when you throw in two renowned beauties like *Santana* and *Dorade*, you have the stuff of legend.

The 55-foot *Santana* was built for cruising and racing by W.L. Stewart Jr., son of the founder of

the Union Oil Co. After the 1938 Bermuda Race, in which *Santana* won her class, Stewart sold her and she passed into the hands of a series of owners, one of them Humphrey Bogart. *Santana* eventually ended up in the care of Tom and Ted Eden, twins, architects, yachtsmen, *bons vivants*.

Whereas *Santana's* fame grew with the passing years, *Dorade* had hers from the beginning. *Dorade* was the boat that made Olin Stephens' reputation as a designer and changed the face of ocean racing. Until *Dorade*, successful racing yachts were usually big, gaff-rigged schooners, longer, wider and heavier

than the 52-foot, 40,000-pound *Dorade*. In 1931, Olin, then 23, and his younger brother, Roderick Jr., entered *Dorade* in the Trans-Atlantic race from New York to Plymouth, England and finished so early that there wasn't a committee boat to greet them when they entered the harbor. A month or so later, *Dorade* again astounded the yachting world by winning England's Fastnet race, and when the crew returned to New York, it was given a ticker tape parade.

After *Dorade*, some of the most famous boats of the century came from Stephens' drawing board: *Edlu*, *Stormy Weather*, *Baruna*, *Bolero*, *Ranger*, *Vim*, *Courageous*, *Finisterre*. But *Dorade* was both the first of that line and the only boat Olin Stephens ever owned. In the 1938 Bermuda race, seven of the first 10 finishers, including *Santana*, were Stephens designs. By that time *Dorade* had gone west to San Francisco

continued

Blackaller (left) had *Santana* narrowly ahead of Keefe and *Dorade* on a windward leg that carried them in front of the city on the Bay.





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and then to Seattle, where she remained until 1978 when she was bought by a retired airline pilot, Tony Gomez, and returned to San Francisco.

The idea for the *Santana-Dorade* match race was hatched in the fertile brain of 49-year-old Robert C. Keefe, a staff commodore of the St. Francis and frequently the tactician aboard *Santana* in the Master Mariners Regatta, an annual race for vintage boats on San Francisco Bay that *Santana* has won six of the last seven years.

"My old man had a saying that I grew up with," says Keefe. "Make something happen," he always said. "Go out and make something happen." With this advice in mind, Keefe chartered *Dorade* from Gomez last December and began to get her into shape for the Master Mariners later this month. In the meantime, looking for still more action, Keefe formally challenged the Edens. Once they had accepted, the war of the handicaps began; it was waged furiously for weeks in the men's grill at the St. Francis and out on the dock alongside the two boats. Finally, on the morning of the race, the race committee, headed by Keefe's older brother, Jack, announced that *Santana* would give *Dorade* 84 seconds, or 10 boat lengths to windward, according to Tom Blackaller, the helmsman the Edens signed on to steer their boat.

Blackaller, who will be at the helm of *Defender*, a new 12-meter that is a contender to be, well, the defender in the 1983 America's Cup races, stands out in any crowd with his mane of silver hair, bushy black eyebrows and massive neck and shoulders, but he's especially intimidating at the wheel of a 45,000-pound lurching, pitching sailboat. He rides it like an urban cowboy on a mechanical bull, hooting and hollering and roaring joyous obscenities over the wind in a voice that could shatter fiber glass.

"When Keefe started threatening to bring in John Bertrand to steer his boat, that left us no choice," said Ted Eden before the race, all wide-eyed innocence. "We had to have Blackaller."

Bertrand is an Olympic sailor who was helmsman for the *St. Francis VII* that won the American-Australian six-meter challenge cup last winter in Sydney. As it turned out, Bertrand was busy the weekend of *Dorade* vs. *Santana*, so Keefe himself stood at the wheel of *Dorade*, a courageous figure in a white dress shirt and narrow club tie.



As the wind hit 24 knots, *Santana* turned on the power and pulled away from *Dorade*.

On race morning hundreds of spectators lined the tinted windows of the St. Francis and the seawall on either side of the clubhouse to see the old boats off, while a flotilla of powerboats, their occupants snapping pictures of the venerable contenders, circled the two competitors.

Fog shrouded the towers of the Golden Gate Bridge, though only a light haze obscured the view of Alcatraz and the city. Blackaller, however, was oblivious to the surroundings as he jockeyed with *Dorade* for position at the start, all the while shouting about what a grotesque handicap it was to have "two bleeping owners" aboard. Once, at close quarters with *Dorade*, Ted Eden yelled at Keefe, "You got a bunch of ringers on that boat."

"What do you call Blackaller?" Keefe yelled back.

"Everything but a ringer," Eden shouted.

"Grind the bleep out of that sheet," roared Blackaller.

The 12.5-mile, L-shaped course, beginning and ending in front of the yacht club, consisted of two windward-leeward legs, one short and one long, with Alcatraz Island at the crook of the L. Early in the race, when the wind was still relatively light, *Dorade* took the lead, but as the breeze picked up to 24 knots, *Santana*'s size and power proved advantageous. Still, Blackaller was right when he said before the race, "The one who makes the fewest mistakes is going to win."

"*Santana* did a better job on the spin-

naker reach than we did," Keefe said later. "We broke the reefing gear out of the main boom and that didn't help, but that wasn't the difference."

"Right behind Alcatraz there's a light spot, a wind cone," said Kimball Livingston, the boating writer for *The San Francisco Chronicle* who crewed on *Santana*. "They went too close to the island. We made a lot of time there."

With four miles to go, the race in the bag and *Santana* flying toward the St. Francis on a close reach, Blackaller cut loose, hooting and howling. "I bet when Humphrey Bogart sailed this boat it wasn't this fast," he shouted. "Let's not blow the rig out," said Tom Eden, gritting his teeth as he often does during a race, because he's never sure how much strain his old boat can take. "Bleep the rig," roared Blackaller, laughing now like a happy madman. A sea lion sunning itself on the narrow ledge of a buoy rolled over to watch *Santana* whiz by. As the yacht club drew close, Blackaller shouted one last command to the crew: "O.K., you guys, this is the bar-front tack. Let's make it look good."

Santana finished seven minutes, 38 seconds ahead of *Dorade*. With her 84-second handicap, she won by six minutes, 14 seconds. Back at dockside Blackaller was thrown overboard first, and after a fierce struggle, Keefe hit the water. Then everyone went into the clubhouse and drank champagne from the old silver cup with the curvy sirens on the sides and promised to do it all again next year. **END**



THE GLORY

by JOHN PAPANEK



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Chief Operating Officer

So you too would like to become a Noble Friend of Caesars and get free \$600 ringside seats for Holmes-Cooney? And receive round-trip first-class airfare for yourself and an unspecified number of loved ones from anywhere in the world? And then





Wald (above), who has been at Caesars since it opened in 1966, has seen many changes, like the construction of the two-story Fantasy Suites (left). Perlman (below), who bought the hotel in 1968, championed the cause of Joe Louis, whom he liked, and the game Louis dominated.



have yourself R-F-and-B'd—that's room-food-and-beveraged—until you can't remember whether coquilles St.-Jacques is on the Palace Court menu or the name of the female impersonator who warms up the audience for Ann-Margret in the Circus Maximus Theater? And luxuriate by the 112' by 80' pool in the Garden of the Gods and have your every whim attended to by a Garden Goddess or Vestal Virgin? And have thousands of dollars in stacks of \$100 chips appear magically before you at the snap of your fingers and the dash of a pen?

If all of this sounds terrific, come hither. You can become a Noble Friend in one of two ways: A) by being a senator, a President, a friend of a President's, a friend of Frank Sinatra's or a friend of Wayne Newton's; or B) by being a high-roller. Because category A is booked up, with a few million folks already on the waiting list, you're better off choosing B. It makes no difference to Caesars whether you make your living twirling pizzas in Piscataway or pumping the deserts dry in Abu Dhabi. Caesars' qualifications for Noble Friendship are, according to accepted policy, simple: Be "a customer

who has the ability to lose and pay \$50,000 or more, and plays [note how Caesars considers this playing] in a manner in which we would reasonably expect that he could lose such sums."

This tradition of extravagance goes back many centuries before A.D. 1966, when Caesars Palace, having long been uninhabited in a crumbling old neighborhood of Rome, rematerialized in the American West. It was in circa 44 B.C. that the guy who owned the dice in the original Palace, Emperor Augustus (a/k/a Octavian, or Easy Eight), first uttered the immortal words, "Conspus chumpus"—or, "If the man wants to play, let Caesar pay his way."

And so, 2,000 years later, some 2,000 Noble Friends have been summoned—all expenses paid—from all corners of the globe to a parking lot in Las Vegas to smell the sweat and see the blood of those modern gladiators, Holmes and Cooney. The fight was originally scheduled for March 15 . . . but hadn't any of the Caesars Palace geniuses thought about the date? The idea of March? Something had to go wrong, and it did, in the form of a torn left shoulder muscle for Cooney,

continued



CAESARS PALACE

continued

Now, on what will no doubt be a sweltering June evening, the Noble Friends will be able to eat, drink and be merry, watch Holmes vs. Cooney, maybe throw a hug on Sammy Davis Jr. or tell a joke to Burt Reynolds and then, perchance, drop fifty thou at the baccarat tables. Ah, the glory that is Caesars Palace!

Isn't that what Las Vegas has been all about ever since Bugsy Siegel became bored with the California rackets, built the fabulous Flamingo Hotel in 1946 and

Of Blue Eyes is a full-time Caesars consultant and a part-time crooner in the Circus Maximus.

began the creation of Disneyland in the Desert? Of course! But forget the standard scenes: the miles of mind-addling neon and the millions of sucker-tourists bouncing like pinballs off the signposts—GIRLSQUE! BOYLESQUE! CRAPLESS CRAPS LOOSE SLOTS! SHECKY! 99¢ BREAKFAST 24 HRS A DAY! Even Howard Hughes couldn't have conceived of what Caesars Palace has wrought. Today Caesars is in a class by itself—in Las Vegas or any other place in the world where men are free to heap gifts on the clientele, which, in turn, is free to heap them back, in spades, all in the name of gambling.

Caesars, with its 1,736 rooms, isn't the biggest hotel in the world—the 3,200-room Rossiya in Moscow, hardly a competitor, holds that distinction—or even in Vegas, where it ranks third behind the MGM Grand and the Hilton, each with nearly 3,000 rooms. But it was carefully conceived and designed in the '60s by its original owner, Jay J. Sarno, to be the gaudiest sister on the Strip. Sarno, now 60, is a lifelong hotelier who had already built a string of hotels across the country. "Las Vegas in the early '60s had done the Wild Western motif to death," Sarno says. "What it needed was a little true opulence." Sarno isn't responsible only for Caesars; he is also now the owner of the incomparably garish Circus Circus Casino and is making plans at Vegas for the Grandissimo, a 6,000-room monster that, he says, will be "the biggest hotel in the history of hotels."

Sarno was traveling from Atlanta to Palo Alto, Calif. one day in the '60s when he stopped over in Las Vegas to see the hotels he had heard so much about. "I was disappointed at how mediocre they were," he says. "The Flamingo was sick—like an old storage room. The Desert Inn was like a stable. There I was, busting my hump building those slick, gorgeous hotels to make a modest living, and these bad hotels were making huge sums. I decided I was building in the wrong towns. That's how Caesars got born."

Sarno thought of everything—from the Roman decor and the name Caesars Palace to the waitresses' togalike costumes, the hotel's distinctive logo and the parchmentlike stationery, matchbooks and business cards with the simulated burned edges. Not even an apostrophe was overlooked. Literally. There were long discussions about where the apostrophe in Caesars should be placed. Sarno says he didn't want it to be Caesar's Palace, because "that would mean it was the palace of only one Caesar. We wanted to create the feeling that everybody in the hotel was a Caesar." So Sarno chose not to use an apostrophe at all.

Sarno is disappointed that Caesars Palace's present owners have diluted its Roman flavor by adding touches of other decorative motifs, and also have introduced the 610-room Fantasy Tower, the 360-degree-projection Omnimax theater with its geodesic dome, and the 540' and 440' "people movers" that carry customers in off the Strip—but do not carry them back out. "If I still owned the place," Sarno says, "I'd never allow de-Romanization."

Today many of Caesars' guest rooms are packed with your standard trappings of hedonism—mirrored walls and ceilings, circular canopied beds, enough red and gold frippery to send a reasonable person dashing for sanctuary. Of course, sanctuary is hard to come by in Las Vegas. For the highest-rollers Caesars has 10 two-story Fantasy Suites (\$510 to \$720 per night, gratis to Noblest Friends) done in your choice of Roman, Egyptian, Oriental, Arabian or Futuristic decor. Each has a circular bar and a platform-

continued



Newton owns the competing Aladdin Hotel and is a highly visible VIP at Caesars' boxing events.

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Havoline Supreme a "very sophisticated oil...one that a prudent car owner should use on a regular schedule." Shouldn't you?





The "heavy weights" march between Conners (left) and Laverne put Caesars on the sports map in '75.

CAESARS PALACE

continued

mounted hot-tub-like bath in front of floor-to-ceiling windows commanding an electric view of the Strip.

Caesars also has seven restaurants; six bars; two swimming pools; the 1,200-seat Circus Maximus Theater, where Sinatra, recently hired as a "consultant" to the hotel, reportedly for \$20,000 a week, does it his way seven weeks a year; not to mention the Omnimax. And, just so you don't forget where you are, there are the genuine imitation statues, 25 of them, hewn from the very same Carrara marble used by Michelangelo—ranging from *Winged Victory of Samothrace*, which beckons legions of junketeers in off the Strip, to *Rape of the Sabine*, which subtly portends an awaiting fate inside the front door, to a positively Caesarian Joe Louis, who watches over the action on the craps and blackjack tables from in front of the Fantasy Tower elevators.

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, that he is grown so great? As retired Brigadier General (Nevada National Guard) and Caesars Palace President Harry Wald is fond of saying, "All the hotels in town offer the same games in their casinos, the same odds at the tables. All offer a show, food, whatever your desires may be." It's typical of the grandfatherly, 57-year-old Wald that he leaves unsaid the sequel, "But Caesars does it better," which is a difficult point to refute, in light of Caesars' enormous growth and financial success.

Wald is an unassuming man, manifesting not a scintilla of the flash and color one might expect of a hotel-casino president. But make no mistake: He's one of

the most powerful men in Las Vegas—a close personal friend of both Wayne Newton's and Frank Sinatra's—and it's no coincidence that he's one of the only top executives who have been at Caesars since the day it opened. Also, he isn't without his mystique. A Jew born in Germany, he was smuggled out of the Nazi Reich at the age of 13 to Detroit, where he settled with a foster family. Within three years he was fluent in Eng-

The defense by Holtes (below left) of his heavy-weight title against Shavers in 1979 was a hit at the sports pavilion. "There's almost no event we won't take," says director of sports Holters.

lish, which he speaks today without a trace of an accent. In 1943 he was smuggled back into Nazi-occupied Europe and became a heavily decorated intelligence officer with the 30th Infantry Division. After the war, back in the U.S., he found work decorating hotel and motel rooms on occasion in hotels owned by Sarno, before Sarno engaged him to be project coordinator for Caesars in 1964. When Clifford and Stuart Perlman bought the hotel from Sarno in 1969,



Wald stayed on and has been the man responsible for staging bigger and bigger sporting events at Caesars.

And, unquestionably, what sets Caesars apart from the other hotels on the Strip is its sports attractions. Time was that Vegas people felt that showgirls and craps tables were enough to lure the customers. They tried sports in the '50s and '60s, but except for an occasional bag boxing match, no one east of Colorado seemed to care very much.

The Desert Inn gained some fame with its Tournament of Champions golf event, which it inaugurated in 1953, but in 1967 the Stardust picked up the tournament for two years before letting it go to La Costa, Calif., where it now flourishes. The Showboat started a bowling tournament in 1960, and it is now the oldest stop on the PBA Tour. In 1965 the Stardust tried auto racing on a track west of the city, but that was a bust. Motor sports enthusiasts would come to the races all right, but would then disperse all over town.

Caesars Palace, still under Sarno's ownership, got into the sports act—sort of—on Dec. 31, 1967, when Evel Knievel tried to jump his motorcycle 150' over the Palace's famed fountain. The result—Knievel crashed and broke his hip, pelvis and several ribs—was hardly disastrous. As Wald says, "He made out. Hardly anyone had heard of him until then. And a lot of people saw on TV what Caesars Palace's fountain looked like."

But boxing was the sport that would keep 'em coming back. The first heavyweight title fight at Vegas, held at the Convention Center, was Sonny Liston's 1963 defense of his heavyweight crown, in which he knocked out Floyd Patterson in the first round. Two years later, also at the Convention Center, a new heavyweight champ, Muhammad Ali, successfully defended his title against Patterson. The fights drew well, and some of the hotels did extra business by housing the fighters during training as a come-on to gamblers. In fact, boxing was such a good attraction that, beginning in 1964, fights were held weekly in hotels themselves—first at the Castaways, then the Hacienda, Circus Circus, the Sahara and the Silver Slipper, where bouts are still staged today. These fights made a nice change of pace from the standard Vegas entertainment package but were not the kind of events to inspire thousands of high-

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CAESARS PALACE

continued

rollers to flock in for a week of plunging. The fact was that the really big boxing events—the later Ali fights, the Foreman and Frazier fights—were going to the Madison Square Gardens and Astrodomes, to Zaire and Manila.

Caesars Palace has changed all that, and its neighbors are at least riding along on Caesars' toga-tails. Since 1969, more than 100 live sporting events have been staged at Caesars, running the gamut from legitimate athletic endeavors to trashsport. Next week's Holmes-Cooney bout will be the 29th championship fight held at the hotel. There have also been tennis, bowling, bocce, Ping-Pong, arm-wrestling, billiards and weightlifting tournaments, gymnastics meets, horse shows, the Circus of the Stars and, last year, the first Caesars Palace Grand Prix Formula 1 auto race. "There's almost no event we won't take," as Caesars Corporate Director of Sports Bob Halloran says. "We're not just in it for the money."

But they aren't in it for the charity, either. Nor is Caesars the sole beneficiary of the extra money the events have pulled into town. It's estimated that a major fight adds \$150 million to the Las Vegas economy. Other hotels have upgraded their own sports programs: The Aladdin had last month's Alexis Arguello-Andy Gamigan title bout and, earlier this year, it put on the Thomas Hearns-Marcus Gerald fight; the Sands has had James Tillis-Jerry Williams and the Hilton, Al-Leon Spinks in 1978.

The other hotels are in a sense Caesars'

partners as well as its competitors. Alvin Benedict, president of the MGM Grand, says, "Caesars has had a tremendous impact on everyone's business, and I have to give the management there a lot of credit."

One local hotel executive demurs. "I wouldn't do some of the things Caesars does," he says. "The people there are very daring, very inventive. But I think they're bigger gamblers than the people they cater to. I'm a hotelman first, second and third, and I also have a casino. They are casino people who also have a hotel. I believe I've an obligation to someone who loses a hundred thousand dollars to tell him he has to watch it because he hurts himself and his family. Their philosophy is that if you lose two hundred thousand you're a good customer, if you lose a million you're a very good customer, three million they love you, four million and up they dance with you. I think the Ali-Holmes fight was a disgrace to sport. I think everyone knows this but them."

Clifford Perlman, 56, believes that such sentiments are wrought of jealousy. Perlman and his brother, Stuart, 57, made a small fortune selling hot dogs steamed in beer through a Florida-based chain of restaurants called Lum's. That was a nice step up for them. Previously, Clifford had been a small-time lawyer in Miami representing drunk drivers and filling out tax forms for \$5 apiece, and Stuart had sold dresses door to door in Philadelphia, the Perlmans' hometown. In 1969 they used their Lum's money to buy Caesars Palace, then just another 600-room joint on the Strip, for \$60 million. Clifford, now chairman of the board

of Desert Palace, Inc., the Nevada subsidiary of Caesars World, Inc., the \$678 million conglomerate that controls Caesars Palace, delights in telling the story of the sale. Caesars' original owners, Sarno and Nathan Jacobson, had been asking \$80 million. Clifford showed up in their offices dressed in tennis clothes and offered \$60 million. When Sarno and Jacobson wanted to negotiate, Perlman said, "O.K., I'll offer \$50 million and we'll negotiate up to \$60 million." The original offer was accepted. It was then that Caesars Palace, sports mecca, began to take shape.

Perlman was—and is—a tennis player. But Las Vegas in 1969 had nothing but swimming pools, hookers, a few golf courses and the aforementioned weekly prizefights to serve as sporting alternatives to the gaming tables and sports books. Caesars Palace had no tennis courts, so Perlman built some. It had no pro, so he hired Pancho Gonzales. He erected an air-conditioned pavilion and decided to put on indoor events. He began with the U.S.-U.S.S.R. boxing matches and subsequently hooked up with Alan King to start the Alan King-Caesars Palace Tennis Classic. In 1975 Bill Riordan, then managing Jimmy Connors, came to Perlman with the notion of featuring Connors, the No. 1 player in the world, in a series of challenge matches called the World Heavyweight Championship of Tennis. The first match, against Rod Laver on Feb. 2, 1975, was terrific: the then 22-year-old Connors beating the 36-year-old Australian 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 7-5. In 1977, when Connors played Ilie Nastase, there was something of a scandal when it was revealed that

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More than 38,000 people—although few high rollers—attended Caesars' first Grand Prix, raced on a 2.26-mile circuit built in just 45 days.





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CAESARS PALACE

continued

match had been misrepresented by CBS as a "winner-take-all" event, as had all three previous matches in the series. In fact, all the players had been given substantial guarantees. The taunt hardly mattered to Caesars, because that event, like its predecessors, turned out to be a bonanza that resulted in millions of dollars of publicity for the hotel.

In 1976, with the public's taste for boxing freshened by the successes of that year's U.S. Olympians, Perlman brought the sport into his pavilion. He hired Joe Louis as a hotel "host" and got Spinks and Ken Norton to fight there. Then came Holmes vs. Earnie Shavers and Holmes vs. Norton. In 1979 Sugar Ray Leonard had two bouts at Caesars. Television beamed the hotel's logo round the world, the fight crowd began to gravitate to the desert, and a lot of money was left behind at the tables. No one had yet conceived of a parking lot stadium in Las Vegas, and Perlman is no boxing expert, but, as should be clear by now, he knows how to make money. And he's not afraid of grandiosity.

"I've forgotten more about sports than Perlman ever knew," says Halloran, a former television sportscaster. "But each time we discuss an idea he comes up with an ingredient that makes it whole."

One afternoon in 1979, Perlman, Halloran and boxing promoter Don King were driving down the Strip. The subject of conversation was the anticipated match between Leonard and Thomas Hearns. "Mr. Perlman, that fight is going to be so big, they're going to have to hold it on the moon," King said in his usual hyperbolic style.

Without changing his expression Perlman said, "So we'll build a moon."

Everyone laughed but Perlman.

"There was really no reason to believe he didn't mean it," King says now. And a few months later, when King was making Ali-Holmes, he asked Perlman how serious he was. "We really wanted that fight," Halloran says, "but we kept asking each other, 'Where could we put it?' In the Convention Center? The UNLV football stadium? It was going to cost us four million. We could only get 8,000 people in our pavilion. So Mr. Perlman said, 'We'll build a stadium in our parking lot.' We all laughed. He said, 'I'm serious.' And of course the whole thing went off without a flaw."

Without a flaw, indeed. A 25,000-seat

stadium, constructed in 30 days at a cost of \$750,000, was built in the parking lot. The invitations to the 2,000 Noble Friends went out, some 700 accepted, and the live gate was the biggest in boxing history—\$5.7 million. But that was only the appetizer. On a major fight night at Caesars, high-rollers are elbow to elbow in the casino. Table stakes are raised to chase out the grandmothers and the Rotarians. You can't play "21" for less than \$25 a hand or craps for less than \$100 a throw; the usual minimum for the games is two bucks. An occasional baccarat game is set up with an \$8,000 mini-

been increased to 32,000 seats and the top ticket price upped \$100. Of the 2,000 Noble Invitees, 1,000 are expected to come. The hotel, and many others in town, have been booked for months. "After all," says Murray Gennis, the Caesars vice-president whose main job is coddling the customers, "you got a Great White Hope from New York and a lot of money chasing him. It's going to be the biggest fight in history." The live gate may attain \$8 million. And it's likely that with all those Noble Friends in town the fight will be sandwiched between a heap of \$3 million and \$4 million win days in



Erected in 1941, El Rancho Vegas was the original jewel of the desert. It burned down in 1980.

stadium. As a consequence, records for casino profits come tumbling down. Figures for specific days are secret, but during the 30-day period surrounding the Ali-Holmes fight on Oct. 2, 1980, Caesars raked in \$30 million from its casino, nearly 2½ times the monthly average and several million more than any other 30-day period in the hotel's history.

When Leonard and Hearns fought last September, it wasn't on the moon, but in another temporary stadium at Caesars, this one atop tennis courts. This time the crowd was 23,600, the gate was \$3.7 million, and the casino action was almost as hot as for Ali-Holmes. For Holmes-Cooney, Caesars expects to do its best business ever. The stadium's capacity has

the Caesars casino, where the average daily take in 1981 was \$515,500.

"New York is all washed up as the boxing capital of the world," says Lem Banker, a professional gambler and tout who has lived in Vegas for 25 years. "You got everything here. Gambling, girls and good times."

And doesn't Caesars know it. Last year it introduced its customers to its own international Formula 1 Grand Prix race, after constructing a 2.26-mile course in 45 days for \$3.5 million. The event drew 38,000 but the casino totals were a little disappointing. "Evidently the race crowd doesn't have big-time players like the boxing crowd has," says a hotel official. Wald believes that with

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CAESARS PALACE

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more time for promotion, the '82 race, on Sept. 25, will be much more successful. And, he believes, the race will become a fixture at Caesars, even after the initial four-year deal with the International Auto Sports Federation expires in '84.

In keeping with the international marketing concept, it's hardly surprising that Caesars had the audacity to ask the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee to farm out the 1984 Olympic boxing matches to the Palace. Olympians at Caesars Palace—a natural, no? The LAOOC politely declined, but Caesars is angling to get the '84 Olympic Boxing Trials. And this month the hotel is hosting a black-tie dinner with the goal of raising a cool million for the U.S. Olympic Committee. And get this—the USOC will present its Sportsman of the Year award to Clifford Perlman, a gambling czar.

Caesars offices are stocked with executives who seem to do nothing more than dream up special events, with an emphasis on those having television appeal. "Our pavilion started out as a place to play tennis; now we use it for all kinds of things," says Special Events Director Andy Olson. "Just last year we had the Circus of the Stars taping, the Lily Tomlin TV special, the Mother's Day TV special with Liz Taylor, the Paul Anka telethon, the Joe Louis funeral..." So many entertaining things took place at Caesars that for the first time, the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce bestowed its Entertainment Personality of the Year award—previously won by the likes of Liberace, Wayne Newton and Shekey Greene—on a hotel.

What next for Caesars' parking lot? Would you believe World Cup Soccer? Seriously, Caesars is considering building a permanent stadium seating, say, 30,000 or more if it can get the rights from the International Football Federation to hold at least a couple of preliminary World Cup matches, if not the final. "We've talked about the stadium," says Wald, "but, money being what it is right now, we have it on a back burner." The

stadium would be built on the site of the current temporary one—in the parking lot—and it would certainly be large enough to accommodate a pro football exhibition game. But Perlman entertains an even grander vision—the Super Bowl.

Says Halloran, "At the NFL meetings this year I was passing [NFL Commissioner] Pete Rozelle in a hallway. I said to him, 'Pete, one of these days I'm going to be talking to you about bringing the Super Bowl to Las Vegas.' Rozelle kept on walking, but he walked away smiling."



Jacobson (left) and Sarno (center) got Caesars going in 1965.

And why not? If Rozelle is as smart as King, he will guess—correctly—that Perlman has at least one more ace up the sleeve of his toga. This is it: FIVE BILLION DOLLARS BET ON THE 1982 SUPER BOWL GAME. Wald, representing Caesars, is a prime mover in an effort to get Clark County to build a Super Bowl-size stadium, which, of course, would also be able to accommodate a minor—or major—league baseball team.

"We will continue to hold the Super Bowl in league cities," Rozelle says. "We don't feel Las Vegas would be an appropriate setting."

No matter what Rozelle says, he knows that the love of sport and the love of gambling germinate from the same seed. Adam and Eve may have been the

first in a long line of big losers, but they undoubtedly loved taking a chance. In ancient Rome, gambling was a main event during the Saturnalia, the pagan forerunner of Christmas. As the biggest plunger of them all, Nick the Greek, once said, "The greatest thrill in my life is to play and win. The second greatest is to play and lose." Today, combined legal and illegal betting on sports events in America is a \$100-billion-plus-per-year industry. That's bigger than Exxon. And the man who dares to declare every day a Saturnalia is Clifford Perlman.

During a break one day from his regular game with Gonzales, Perlman took the question of morality in the sports-gambling marriage and gave it a neat American twist. "Every society has atavistic appendages," he said. "And one of the most prominent of those appendages is the conflict between the Calvinist, or Protestant, ethic and the impress of modern life. That conflict is clearly described in the relationship between sports and gaming. That's the shoreline of life right there. That's where the Calvinist ethic hits the rocks of modern society. This is the confrontation between what people think is right and what people actually do."

"Moralists? I don't think a fringe group or a passing morality code can change what human beings have done ever since they crawled out of the seas. Who doesn't bet on football? Maybe a guy goes to horse racing in the afternoon. And the trotters at night. Maybe he bets with the great State of New York at one of its wonderful Off-Track Betting parlors. Or he invests in a high-risk stock on the American Stock Exchange. Who dares to call this evil? The only question that really matters is, 'What do people do?'"

As the man who brought big-time sporting events to the gambling capital of the world, Perlman is naturally considered by some to be a genius and by others to be an associate of criminals. Banker calls him "the P.T. Barnum of the late 20th century." Halloran says that be-

cause of Perlman. "TV networks talk to me like I run a major stadium, not like I represent a hotel." But traditional foes of gambling—religionists and moralists—detest everything that Perlman represents. At least part of that stems from the popular assumption that the proprietors of legal gambling establishments, like the men who run illegal gambling operations, are in bed with organized crime.

The State of New Jersey—certainly no foe of gambling—considers Perlman persona non grata because of his past business association with Miami Beach lawyer Alvin Malnik and, to a somewhat lesser degree, Miami Beach businessman Samuel Cohen. Malnik is believed by law enforcement agencies to be an associate of mob boss Meyer Lansky, and Cohen was indicted along with Lansky in 1972 for skimming \$36 million from the Flamingo Hotel casino. Cohen was later convicted. Lansky was too ill to stand trial. After protracted hearings last year, the New Jersey Casino Control Commission ordered the Perlman brothers to sever their connections with Caesars Boardwalk Regency in Atlantic City as a precondition for the Commission's granting the hotel a permanent gaming license. At least until an appeal of the case is ruled upon by the New Jersey Supreme Court, the brothers have also had to sever their connections to Caesars World, Inc., the parent company. So they sold their 18% of it for nearly \$100 million and resigned their positions as chairman (Clifford) and vice-chairman of the board (Stuart). Clifford now holds a post only with the Nevada subsidiary.

"Those poor people on the Casino Commission had no choice," Clifford says. "They're politicians. Unfortunately our media is suffering from its own freedom. I was accused of associating with a man—Malnik—who has been accused of associating with someone else—Lansky—which Malnik denies. And my brother was denied a gaming license.

Why? Because he's my brother. So now anyone who associates with me would probably have a problem in New Jersey.

"George Steinbrenner, a convicted felon, would in my opinion definitely get a gaming license in New Jersey. He's a prominent man; he's paid his debt to society. I've never been convicted, indicted, accused or even been thought to have committed a criminal act. I have only two problems: an ethnic name and an as-

Gennis is clearly pleased with the question. "Who's he?" he says. "I'll tell you who he is. His name is Artie Funair. F-u-n-a-i-r."

"Yeah. . . ." says the visitor.

"Artie Funair was one of the six Marines who heisted the American flag on Iwo Jima."

"Really?"

"That's right. Artie Funair is a holder of a Congressional Medal of Honor."

"Really?"

"Not only that. Artie Funair was an assistant trainer for the Green Bay Packers when Vince Lombardi coached."

"Really?"

"And that's not all. You know what Artie Funair does now?"

"Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff?"

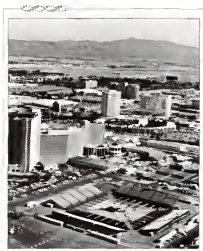
"Close. He's a Number One aide-de-camp to Frank Sinatra."

"Really?"

Well, sort of. He does live with Sinatra's longtime pal, Jilly Rizzo. As for the rest of the credentials Gennis enumerated—not really.

Despite Murray Gennis' fancy title, his main job is knowing every one of Caesars' best Capital-C Customers and seeing to it that everything they want is theirs. He remembers names, faces and business affiliations and, most important, the size of a customer's bank account. At Caesars Palace, *What's My Line?* is a whole different game, because half of the money gambled in the casino—\$985.5 million in 1981—is on credit. "You can name any guy who plays here," Gennis says, "and I can tell you if he's a \$50,000 player, a \$20,000 player, a half-a-million-dollar player or what."

Gennis gets calls in the middle of the night from customers who have just jetted into town and need accommodations and a marker for a hundred thou. He gets calls from friends of customers who want a front-row table for Sinatra. Gennis has obtained birth control pills at 4 a.m. for the girl friend of a player whose luggage was lost by an airline; he has arranged for



Caesars' outdoor boxing arena took 30 days and \$750,000 to assemble.

sociation with a man who has been a target of the press.

"I'll tell you this: I think that if the media decided it was O.K. to play the Super Bowl in Las Vegas, Pete Rozelle would jump at the idea. But to say that you can't play the Super Bowl in any town in the United States where there is organized crime operating, then where are you going to play it? Detroit?"

"See that guy over there?" Murray Gennis asks as he strolls through Caesars' casino one afternoon.

"Who's he," Gennis' visitor wants to know as he looks at the small, mild-looking man in the loud polyester suit.

continued

CAESARS PALACE

continued

private Saturday morning services for a certain big Jewish player. "You've got to do these things for your customers, so they'll want to stay at Caesars," he says.

One of Gennis' least favorite responsibilities is to "remind" players who have "forgotten" to pay their debts, because gambling debts aren't legally collectible in Nevada. "We consider it a matter of honor," says Gennis, "that a gentleman never swears on a bet." Recently Gennis was informed that a Mexican customer who had gotten himself into a \$450,000 hole had said he'd only pay back half. Gennis said that was O.K., "except the man will never get credit in any casino in the world." Caesars Palace claims a 96% collection rate, but even at that the hotel

Springs, Calif., one in La Costa. So Skalbania wants to get away for a couple of days, we give him one of the houses. Now if Skalbania is in the mood to bring some people down to have some fun in Las Vegas, is he going to call me or MGM when I accommodated him for nothing in our house?

"Now with these fight tickets," he says, picking up a stack of envelopes, each imprinted with the name of a Noble Friend, "you're giving them away to your best customers, but it's very, very important where each guy sits. For instance"—he begins flipping the envelopes—"this guy likes the raised level; we put him up there. This guy wants to get on television; we put him in the celebrity section. This

their customers, failing to mention that the fight is taking place at Caesars. The guests are wine and dined and, just before fight time, loaded into buses or limos and taken—through the back entrance—to Caesars. Once there, they're reminded to return to their vehicles as soon as the fight is over, the better to get back to the friendly, familiar tables at their hotels. Naturally, Gennis studies the competition the way Cooney studies Holmes. He really loves this part. "If a man is over here in our parking lot," he says slyly, "he'll probably want to walk in and look at our casino, especially since our casino that night will be filled with some of the greatest players and celebrities in the world. So we got a shot at this guy. We might say, 'Stay. Have a meal. See our show. Play our games.' And who knows, we might have a new customer."

One curious note. Big-time boxing is the best thing that ever happened to legal Vegas bookmakers. They expect \$10 million worth of action on Holmes-Cooney. One would think, then, that Caesars could get a major piece of that action if it had a sports book of its own. But no. Caesars had a sports book for a while but closed it down last fall. No one at Caesars will say why, but one Noble Friend has a theory: "The house wants the fight wagers to be friendly." Translation: Caesars Palace would prefer not to infringe upon the pleasure certain of its customers derive from booking a few million dollars' worth of bets on their own.

It's all just another part of the service, like the elegant Rs, sumptuous F and abundant B, the... well, one of Caesars' handouts says it best: "Behind the dazzle and sparkle of Caesars Palace—with its unparalleled roster of performers, world-class sporting events and celebrities from throughout the world—is a first-rate hotel, given the highest rating possible by thousands of guests returning throughout the years. The glory that was Rome will never fade... as long as there is a Caesars Palace. Long Live Caesars!"

But before you mail in your application for Noble Friendship, a few words of advice from Gennis:

"The thing I tell people before they gamble is this. 'You see this beautiful hotel here? The beautiful grounds? The beautiful casino? The beautiful pools? The beautiful statues? The beautiful chandeliers? All this beautiful stuff here—it didn't come from winners.'"



Knievel's jump over Caesars' fountain in 1967 was a publicity windfall for him and the hotel.

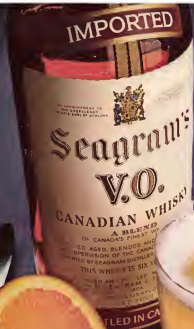
had to write off some \$19 million in bad debts last year.

Of late, Gennis' desk has been piled high with requests for fight tickets. The MGM Grand called for tickets. Ed DeBarrio, owner of the San Francisco 49ers, called for tickets. One of Nelson Skalbania's people called for a special favor. "You know who Nelson Skalbania is?" Gennis asked, putting down the phone. "He's the guy who owned the Montreal Alouettes football team in Canada. Very big player. He wants to use one of our houses. Now we own two houses—five bedrooms, full staff, pool, courts, got everything—one in Palm

guy doesn't want to get on TV; his wife might be watching, you know what I mean?" He winks.

"Now, the thing you really have to watch out for is this. Most of these guys know each other. They know who the hundred-thousand-dollar players are and who the twenty-thousand-dollar players are. You can't have a guy with a \$50-line [\$50,000 credit at the casino] seeing that a guy with a 20-line has a better seat than he has. So it's very important that we arrange the seating according to lines."

Of course, all the other hotels in town have their A-lists. They buy up ringside tickets and send flowery invitations to



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The RX-7 is an incredible value.

It's also an incredible sports car. One that has been thoughtfully engineered to give you a full measure of the enjoyment and stimulation you naturally demand in a world-class sports car. And one that offers exceptional fuel economy.

30 **21** In August 1981, *EST* *Best Buy* *mag.* *1981* *mag.* *Road & Track* magazine selected the RX-7 as one of the 10 Best Cars For the Eighties. Here's what they said:

"In the class for Closed Sports Car, the Mazda RX-7 won on a unanimous vote... It's a car that has not only lived up to very high expectations, but gone considerably beyond them..."

"Its performance is excellent with smooth acceleration from the rotary engine, its handling and braking are hard to fault, it's comfortable on long trips with plenty of luggage room for two people and the price is surprisingly low."

A SLIPPERY SHAPE CONTRIBUTES TO GREAT PERFORMANCE.

The RX-7's clean lines were not created for aesthetic reasons alone.

Its sleek exterior was also designed for aerodynamic efficiency, which contributes

directly to its outstanding performance. Months of racing and wind-tunnel testing went into refining the RX-7's slippery silhouette in order to



reduce air turbulence.

As a result, the RX-7 has a very low drag coefficient of 0.34.

The RX-7's superior aerodynamics, together

Use this chart to compare the RX-7 to the rest of the world's fine sports cars.

Mazda RX-7 Acceleration Chart	
0-30	2.6 sec.
0-40	4.3 sec.
0-50	6.2 sec.
0-60	8.6 sec.

Performance data obtained from Car and Driver evaluation tests.



GREAT BALANCE, GREAT HANDLING.

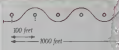
With its front mid-engine configuration, the RX-7 is an almost perfectly balanced car. 51% of its weight rests on the front wheels, 49% on the rear. And its center of gravity is only 18 inches off the ground.

Put this nearly ideal

weight distribution together with a finely-tuned suspension system, and you have exceptional handling.



Car and Driver magazine drove the RX-7



through a demanding 1000-foot slalom course, with pylons placed 100 feet apart. During this test, the car attained a speed of 55.3 mph. Proof, indeed, that the RX-7 delivers true sports car handling.

More evidence of the Mazda RX-7's

see its incredible value versus Porsche 924.

with its smooth, powerful rotary engine, help give it performance that can only be described as thrilling.



THE RX-7 BENEFITS FROM CONTINUAL REFINEMENT.

Since its introduction, the RX-7 has benefited from a number of large and small refinements. Typical of these is an alteration in the design of the spark plug. (See illustration.) The three-electrode plug was re-

placed by one with four electrodes, and the tips were positioned closer to the combustion chamber to help maintain smooth, stable ignition.



Another example of continual refinement can

be seen in the gear-shift lever. It has been shortened by over an inch and moved four inches closer to the driver's hand. This change provides a more direct, short-throw feel as you run through the RX-7's strong 5-speed gearbox.

THE RX-7 COMES WITH ALL THESE STANDARD FEATURES.

- 5-speed overdrive transmission
- AM/FM stereo radio with 2 speakers
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- Complete instrument panel, including voltmeter, temperature and oil-pressure gauges
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1982 Mazda RX-7 S **\$9695****

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for RX-7 S. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. 30 Est. hwy. mpg, 20 Est. city mpg.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for RX-7 S. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options (wide tires/40 wheels \$350-\$400) and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '81 tests and information. For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.



EXTRAORDINARY RESALE VALUE.

When the RX-7 was first introduced, word spread quickly among sports car enthusiasts that here, at last, was a truly exceptional sports car.

The popularity of the RX-7 is demonstrated by the fact that many models are worth more today than when they were new.

For example, the 1979 Mazda RX-7 S has

1979 MODEL	RETAINED VALUE
	80% 90% 100%
Mazda RX-7 S	118.1%
Datsun 280ZX	86.5%
Porsche 924	82.1%

retained 118.1% of its original suggested retail price, according to the Kelley Blue Book, March-April 1982.

road poise appears when you discover that its roll angle at 0.5g lateral acceleration is only 1.6 degrees.

This is a significantly lower figure than that of ordinary passenger cars.



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The more you look, the more you like.

Reminiscence

by ARNOLD BENSON

OTTO WAS NO BISMARCK, BUT HE WAS A WINNER ON THE LEAKY-ROOF CIRCUIT

For more than a dozen years Fred Mundy has owned a run-down tavern on the outskirts of Stockbridge in western Massachusetts. The tavern used to share some of the drive-in traffic on Route 183 with Alice's Restaurant, the one that Alice Brock opened after Arlo Guthrie's song and the film with that title made her name famous. Alice closed it down in 1975. But before then, some tourists who wanted to say that they'd eaten at her restaurant would stop in at Mundy's to ask directions.

"Alice's?" Mundy would say with a southward wave of his right arm, if he happened to be behind the bar. "Down toward Housatonic, about seven furlongs from here."

It was evident from such remarks that Mundy's main interest was horses, and indeed from time to time he owned a string of racers as run-down as his tavern. "I own eight horses," he'd say. "Only three of them can stand up, but I own eight horses."

I used to stop in often at Mundy's place. One day, in early spring in the mid-'70s, just after I had come back from Florida, Mundy's eldest son, Chris, was behind the bar. The previous fall I had learned that Fred was planning to take his horses south for the winter.

"Where's your father these days?" I asked Chris.

"Tampa, last we heard. But he could be as far north as West Virginia by now."

"When do you expect him home?"

"Beats me," Chris said, shrugging.

"Late some night," I said, feeling like an ancient comforting the young. "You'll hear galloping hooves, and you'll know then that your father is back."

On a stool at a corner of the bar Alice Brock sat sipping Southern Comfort. "Yes," she said, "that'll be Fred Mundy, riding through the dark of night."

"Haven't you heard?" someone else said, further down the bar. "All his animals got claimed. He hasn't got horse one anymore."

"Which makes him the Horseless Headman of Sleepy Hollow," Alice said.

But they were wrong. When Mundy did come home that year—in broad daylight—he still had his horses. Maybe not the same ones he had taken south with him, but the same number. Never mind that his friends referred to Mundy's string as "Alpo Stables" and the races they ran in as "Dogfood Derbies." Fred still owned eight horses.

One Sunday morning, after months of hearing about them, I paid a visit to Mundy's horses. He had them stabled at a little track called Berkshire Downs, which was a few miles west of Pittsfield, Mass., and which has since closed. What I noticed first on that visit was that the

ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE MCCLURE



letter N in the big BERKSHIRE DOWNS sign was hanging inverted from one nail.

I found Fred at Barn K, which looked like all the others—weathered, roof sagging, sad and seedy against the vivid early-fall foliage on the hills around the track. Berkshire Downs was part of what Mundy and other horsemen called the leaky-roof circuit; other tracks he went to included Northampton Fair, Marshfield Fair and Great Barrington Fair in Massachusetts, and Scarborough Downs, also known as Scabby Downs, in Portland, Maine. I noticed that almost everyone I saw wandering about carried a can of beer. At 11 o'clock on a Sunday morning, Sacramental beer, I thought.

Mundy was squatting outside the barn alongside a big chestnut horse. He had the horse's left front hoof in one hand and was squeezing the leg just above the hoof with the other. He moved the hoof slowly up and down. As I came close he nodded approvingly, put the hoof down and stood up.

"This is Otto Russell," he said, stroking the horse's nose. "Otto's all well again. You're looking at a winner."

I was dubious. Otto was a strong-looking horse, but his eyes had a sad, patient, middle-aged look and there were scars from a run-in with a fence on his neck and along one shoulder and flank.

"He looks old enough to vote," I said.

"He's only 10."

"Isn't that old for a racehorse?"

"Not around here. Twelve-year-olds win races around here."

"How do you get a mature horse like Otto in shape to race?"

"Well," Mundy said, "Otto's had his troubles, like every horse on the leaky-roof circuit." He led the horse toward an empty stall. "You have to be your own vet." He stopped and looked at me. "You want to buy a horse?"

"No," I said.

Later, we leaned against the inside rail, watching Mundy's horses roll in the infield like huge puppies. There were seven of them. Otto had been left in his stall, safe from any playful accident. It was one of those clear September days poets write about, and watching the clumsy puppies cavort in mindless exuberance, it was hard to picture any of them getting down to the business of running in a race for

money.

"You don't see horses doing this at Belmont," Mundy said, looking benign and fatherly. "They're just plain happy. They run better when they're happy." He had a can of beer in each hand, one half empty, the other one full.

"I've never been to Belmont."

"You could buy a horse here for practically nothing, this time of year," Fred said. "The gypsy owners are mostly tapped out. Never mind those \$1,500 claiming prices. You could buy a horse for practically whatever you've got in your pocket."

"I have to put gas in the Toyota."

"You don't think big."

"I think medium. Talking about being your own vet, would you say that the leaky-roof circuit is sort of a training ground for horse owners? Like minor league baseball is for ballplayers?"

"You might," Mundy said, "if you wanted to."

"Would you say that the horses are on

continued

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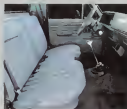
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38 **27** If you still find it all a little hard to believe, we invite you to visit your Mazda dealer for a close-up look at the B2000 Sundowner.

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REMINISCENCE *continued*

their way down and the people, the owners, are on their way up?"

"No," Mundy said, "the people are on their way down, too."

"Be kind."

"I'm being as kind as I can," he said.

"When are you running Otto?"

"Tuesday, at Barrington."

"I'll try to be there."

"Be there. Otto's a winner. And you ought to see Barrington anyway. Barrington is the Belmont of the Berkshires."

"I'll see you Tuesday."

"You do that. Otto wins Tuesday."

I was still dubious, but on Tuesday I drove over to the Great Barrington Fairgrounds. I found Mundy with Otto. The horse had a quilt over his withers and was standing with both front hooves in a large red plastic tub of ice water.

"Otto has tender feet and ankles," Mundy explained. "The ice treatment helps keep him from hurting during the race."

"What about Butte?" The painkilling drug, Butazolidin, is legal at racetracks in Massachusetts.

"Oh, he gets that, too," Mundy said. "Every horse in the race gets that."

I looked at the racing program I had bought on the way in. There was a (B) after every horse's name.

"He looks weary," I said, stroking Otto's nose, looking into those sad, tired old eyes.

"He worries me," Mundy said. "He doesn't look as alert as he should."

"You told me Sunday I was looking at a winner."

"Oh, he can do it all right," Mundy said. "He'll brighten up after he gets his medicine [adrenal cortex extract, a legal substance in Massachusetts]."

He gave me no more assurances than that, so I left, ducking under the rails and walking across the backstretch to the infield tote board and betting windows. I went to the \$10 window and bought one win ticket on Otto. Not so much out of confidence in Mundy as out of respect for that nice scared old horse.

Along toward post time the odds on the tote board showed Otto as an even-money favorite. I was mystified. I knew that Mundy's friends didn't have enough money to drive the odds down like that. (Later I learned that Otto had been winning regularly on the circuit.) Then came another shocker. Over the public address system a blurred and static-y voice announced that No. 3, Otto Russell, was

(continued)

carrying five pounds over his assigned weight.

Mundy, I thought—on top of everything else he hires a fat jockey.

When the gates banged open Otto appeared to be in no rush to get to the first turn. On the backstretch he was running fourth—a distant, casual fourth. Mundy and his fat jockey, I thought. At the far turn Otto was still fourth. Well, you've blown \$10, I told myself. And it's your own damn fault giving any credence to Mundy's "You're looking at a winner."

I was watching with a sort of resigned curiosity as the horses rounded the final turn. Then, suddenly, I got interested again, because something strange was happening. The bunch of horses loping along in the lead swung wide as they entered the stretch, and Otto moved unharriedly, but in a businesslike manner, through the wide-open space by the rail. As the horses straightened away in the stretch, Otto had the lead by half a length. Then a length. Two horses made a run at him but soon fell back. Otto went under the wire, still in no apparent hurry, a winner by two full lengths.

"I'll be an s.o.b.," I said to no one in particular, although a blue-haired lady on my left looked at me.

By the time I got to the barns, after watching another race, Otto was in his stall, surrounded by well-wishers, mostly young, mostly female. He looked even sleepier than he had before the race. Mundy was off to one side.

"It takes a long time for me to get Otto back to the barns after he wins a race," Mundy said. "He refuses to urinate for the officials."

"You train him that way?"

Mundy didn't say anything. He just looked at me, like an Irish Buddha.

"I'd like to buy Otto a drink," I said. "Maybe I could buy him an out instead."

"You could buy me a drink," Mundy said.

"In your own saloon?"

"Where else?"

I walked off toward the parking lot, thinking of the money I had won. I had barely doubled my \$10. I was thinking, too, of the TV commercial about the maxi-macho man who lives life to the hilt, doing everything with gusto, and drinking beer with gusto, too. But when I was buying, Mundy didn't drink beer. He drank Scotch.

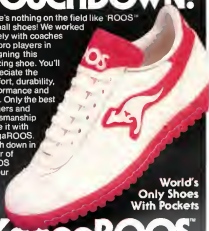
With gusto.

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TIME
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Yesterday

by RICHARD PHELAN

THE OUTLINE OF THE U.S. WAS FINISHED AFTER A RISKY RUN ON THE RIO GRANDE

In October 1899 a modest, almost shabby little expedition—six men, three rowboats and a kitten—set out to explore and survey the 350-mile passage of the Rio Grande through the canyons of the Big Bend and beyond. One wall of each canyon is Texas; the other, Mexico. It was primitive, lawless country. The men had a hard trip and came out detesting each other. But they did make it, which no earlier exploring party had done, and accomplished something slightly unusual that history has overlooked.

By mapping the meanders of the Rio Grande, they finished drawing the outline of the United States. The river had been the international boundary since 1845, but the official surveying party had failed to get through the canyons in 1852—had pronounced them impassable—and so at the dawn of the 20th century, the exact shape of the U.S. was still unknown. About 200 miles of the border with Mexico were hypothetical, a dotted line on the map.

The man who filled in this lengthy blank was a geologist named Robert T. Hill. He was the leader of the 1899 expedition and its only scientist. The others were his 19-year-old nephew, Prentice Hill, a cook named Serafino, a boatman named Shorty and two frontiersmen, James MacMahon and Henry Ware. The U.S. Geological Survey, which employed Hill, had ordered the exploration and was paying the extremely modest bill. The government back then spent cautiously, fearful of the taxpayer and the voter.

The highest-paid man on Hill's crew was MacMahon, who earned \$3 a day. His special value was that he had already made the trip and was the only man known to have done so. (The bodies of some who failed had washed out of the canyons onto gravel bars, with bullet holes in their skulls.) MacMahon had done it alone and unofficially, cautiously moving into the unknown to trap beaver, whose pelts he sold for a living.

Nothing went seriously wrong for the expedition, and still it was a miserable

trip. Serafino was both a bad cook and a dirty one. Shorty liked bacon grease and added revolting amounts of it to the food in the pots. The river was shallow and rocky. The sun was hot. For 35 days the men waded and portaged and sweated and cursed, "audibly and long," as Hill put it.

The first big canyon, Santa Elena, is 1,500 feet deep at its deepest and only slightly broader than the 25-foot-wide river itself. (The edge of a standard one-foot ruler stood on end gives a fair idea of its proportions.) Daylight barely reaches the bottom of this crevice. The river surges and swirls through it quietly, except at a famous spot where much of the cliff has fallen in on the Mexican side. It blocks 400 yards of the river with rubble, the larger pieces as big as houses.

Each of the expedition's three wooden rowboats was only 13 feet long but weighed an astonishing 300 pounds. A carpenter in Del Rio had made them sturdy, to take a beating from the rocks. Hauling these heavyweights over the rockfall took Hill and his men three days. Their presence frightened a covey of blue quail, which tried to fly a spiral course out of the canyon. But quail fly only a little better than chickens. "They rose two or three hundred feet with a desperate whirling of their wings, and then fell back almost exhausted into the rocky debris," wrote Hill.

The men slept on the same debris, in which they found no level spot whatever. Hill tried enlarging his sleeping area with his geologist's hammer but still had to lie curled up. They named the place Camp Misery.

After Santa Elena the canyons come in many shapes and sizes and in depths up to 1,700 feet. Grassy banks and limestone ledges make good campsites. There are bits of open country between canyons. Of one of these, Hill wrote,

"We ran across three or four Mexicans leisurely driving a herd of stolen cattle across the river into Mexico. This is the chief occupation of the few people who choose this wild region for a habitation."

Thieves and murderers had hideouts along the river. One of the worst of them was a man named Alvarado. His big mustache, black on one side, white on the other, identified him wherever he went. He found it convenient to be recognized; it terrified his victims and made his work easier. But on the day the expedition passed Alvarado's ranch he was merely standing on the riverbank "with an infant in his arms," wrote Hill, "serenely watching us float down the stream." He gave them no trouble, perhaps because they were known to be a government expedition. Or, possibly, Alvarado had no need for any 300-pound rowboats.

They ran scared all the way. One man stood guard, "with cocked rifle," at every portage while the other five did the work. At the village of Presidio, Texas, where they began the float, someone advised them always to camp under a rock overhang, out of sight from the opposite rim. Otherwise they risked being picked off by rifles while they ate or slept.

But harsh outdoor adventures often make the best memories. It seems to have been so in this case for Hill, who wrote a long account of the Rio Grande expedition for *The Century Magazine* of January 1901. He was one of those sterling 19th-century men, with clear eyes and clear purposes, who surveyed the West for the government and described it for the public, setting it up for exploitation. Rapt with the new science of geology, they walked about creation like Adam, naming things. As a pioneer geologist, Hill gave great chunks of Texas the names they have now: the Edwards Plateau, the



continued

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YESTERDAY *continued*

Trans-Pecos, the Blackland Prairies, the Balcones Fault Zone.

He was passionate about geology and in love with Texas. He had gone there poor and ignorant from Tennessee in 1873, at the age of 15. By the time he made the Canyon trip in 1899, he was a graduate of Cornell, a self-made man, a renowned geologist and a junior (and somewhat maverick) member of the nation's scientific Establishment.

In surveying the river, Hall was in part emulating his friend and hero John W. Powell, who had explored the Grand Canyon 30 years earlier. Also, he was making publicity for himself—he was good at that—learning more about Texas and having a grand adventure.

Much of the same adventure, or the best parts of it, can be had today. The desperadoes are gone, and hardly anyone now navigates the whole 350 miles from Presidio to Langtry. There are access roads in Big Bend National Park. People drive to the riverbank, set a 17-foot, 70-pound aluminum canoe in the water, float just one canyon and go home happy. Or, if they float two, they skip the long, hot, boring stretches in between.

Below the park, though, in what are called the Lower Canyons, you're committed to about a week on the river before you come to a dirt track over which your canoes can be hauled back to the world that produced them. Outside the canyons lie deserts, the harsh southwestern kind in which even today the unprepared can die of thirst.

Almost everybody climbs to the rim at some point and looks out across country where the temperature reaches 120° on a sunny September day and there is no water whatever. Hill did this and mused, "Should we lose our boats and escape the canyons, what chance for life should we have in crossing these merciless, waterless wastes of thorn?"

Most of the people who cross the desert these days are wetbacks—young Mexicans without papers seeking work in the U.S. I once came upon six of them resting in the shade. They had hiked 30 miles down a dry tributary canyon and were waiting for night and moonlight to cross the river and start for the highway on the Texas side. They were dressed in sports shirts, creased pants, tan-soled shoes. Their baggage was light—old Clorox jugs containing water, clean shirts and underwear, shreds of goat meat rolled in flour tortillas.

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YESTERDAY continued

The Mexicans get across, people say, because there are some sources of water in the side canyons that cut through the desert. These are natural cisterns called, in Spanish, *tinajas*. Water seeps down from the surface after late-summer rains and collects underground in limestone hollows. If you know exactly which little cave to crawl into in the canyon wall, you find a *tinaja* and survive. A few local Mexicans know, and serve as guides. They have been handing the knowledge down since Spanish times.

Perhaps knowing what lay beyond the canyon walls, some of Hill's crew resented the time he took for surveying and mapping, although these were the reasons for the trip. They wanted to get on downriver and out of the canyons. But Hill stuck to his transit, made notes and took photographs. While his Kodak film worked well, his glass plates "unfortunately failed to receive the impression of this artistic scene." He ran out of film before the end of the trip.

Most people do, for there is much to photograph. The canyon walls aren't plain but eroded into fantastic architecture. Nature roughed out the Gothic, the Romanesque and even the International style in the Lower Canyons quite a while before man evolved and invented them.

Hill noted the many hot springs that flow into the river—so many, he said, that they increased the volume of the river enough to make boating a little easier. And he discovered the natural hot tub that has been the goal and pleasure of every canoeist since. A "copious hot spring made a large, clear pool of water . . . tempting to tired and dirty men, and here we made our first and only stop for recreation." This pool, hollowed out of a bank on the Mexican side, is only two or three feet deep. It has a fine gravel bottom, contains water of perfect clarity and just the right temperature, and can handle up to 16 bodies per soaking.

The expedition came upon several deer in a bunch, and to Hill's disgust his crewmen shot them all. After a glut of venison they left most of the meat to the mountain lions and went back to the lard, bacon and beans of Serafino's cuisine, which is canoeists, because there are now, and were then, big catfish in the river and squirrels in the trees. They could have eaten well. But perhaps "10 hours of hard rowing each day . . . the additional labor of dragging the boats over dangerous rapids . . . together with the ever-present ap-

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YESTERDAY continued

prehension of danger" left them too weary even to consider shooting and catching their dinner.

"Caverns of gigantic proportions . . . indented the cliff at many places." I myself, on a canyon trip, am struck less by the size than by the number of caves. There are thousands of them, many unexplored. They are mysterious and moving, opening as they do in the sheer walls—100, 300, 600 feet overhead—places where no man has set foot since the race began. Even now, a certain feeling of isolation takes hold of people in the bottom of a canyon in the middle of a desert. It's especially strong for those who have climbed to the rim and seen what the desert is like. The utter blackness of night reinforces it, with all of the sky shut out but a long crack overhead containing a few stars. A final turn of the screw comes when a mountain lion screams somewhere on the rim.

On the other hand, the canyons are brightened on moonlit nights with a chalky theatrical brilliance. The light reflects off the limestone walls, growing in intensity and then fading, as if controlled by a rheostat, over the two hours or so it takes the moon to cross from one rim to the other. "I could never sleep," wrote Hill, "until the glorious light had ferreted out the shadows from every crevice and driven darkness from the cañon."

Mascots are supposed to bring good luck. If getting out of the canyons alive was good luck, Hill's black kitten did very well by the expedition. It traveled in his boat and slept under his blanket at night. It seemed to be enjoying the trip; at least it was the only member who was ever in a playful mood. But one morning, distracted by his problems, Hill left the kitten behind. He surmised that it made "one small mouthful" for a jaguar.

After four or five days many modern outdoorsmen are eager to leave the wilderness they so eagerly entered and seek a telephone, a steak and cold beer. Hill and his men couldn't do that. The expedition ground on and on. After a month the men began to feel imprisoned by the canyon walls, and condemned, moreover, to hard labor.

Their fear of outlaws gave way to fear of each other. Hill slept with his Winchester, "ready to shoot one of my big desperadoes who had become mutinously 'inviting.'" A photograph shows that the two "big" men of the crew were MacMahon and Ware. Hill gives no appraisal

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YESTERDAY continued

of his nephew, Prentice. The boy is mentioned exactly once in the *Century* article, and then just as a member of the expedition.

The only possible terminus was Langtry. Anything before that was just desert. Once, toward the end, they did two days' paddling in one in order to shorten the trip and escape each other's company. MacMahon's price for cooperation in this effort was \$10. Hill paid. The others apparently felt that getting out was reward enough. At Langtry they found civilization, represented chiefly by the Southern Pacific Railroad and the courtroom-barroom of Judge Roy Bean. His sign read:

LAW OFFICE OF THE PEACE.
ROY BEAN.
JUDGE OF THE PEACE AND
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Today a few young people go the whole 350 miles, as Hill did. With lightweight equipment and the water level sufficiently high, they make it in much less time. But for them, running the canyons is not so much a wilderness experience as it is, in athletic event.

You can also travel a stretch of the river in something close to ease, pausing at the best swimming holes, stopping for the night at 3 p.m. if you come to an irresistible campsite. The Rio Grande, whose current moves at two or three miles per hour, will do more of the work for you if you hurry less. There may be an occasional piece of litter in the form of a Spam can or a wrecked canoe, but you can sometimes float for hours and see no sign that anyone has ever been there before you.

With the price of gasoline what it is, public use of the lower canyon region of Big Bend National Park has fallen off. It is removed from anywhere—about 600 miles from Houston, 400 from San Antonio. And it is one of the biggest, and least visited, of all our 48 national parks. The number of visitors has declined by one-half since 1976, although the length of the visits has increased. So while the campsites are still well used, there's less traffic on the river than there used to be. Geologically, the canyons keep aging, of course—the river cuts deeper, the rocks erode. But ecologically, so to speak, the canyons are shifting ever so slightly back in time, back toward what they were in 1899 when Hill's intrepid and ill-assorted party ventured forth.

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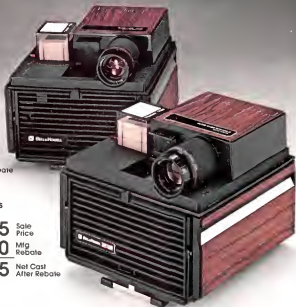
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

WYOMING (CONT.)

Sir:

Our thanks to SI and Jim Doherty for the article on Wyoming (*Wyoming Plays Its Hole Card*, May 17). Many outsiders have written about the environmental mess in our state, but few have done so honestly and perceptively. Doherty's article puts in the right light the price we must pay here for energy consumption habits elsewhere. We in Wyoming stand ready to do our part in meeting reasonable demands on our energy resources, but not at the price of our precious wildlife.

Tom WOLF
Executive Director
Wyoming Outdoor Council
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Sir:

Whenever you do an article on the environment, you make it sound as though the whole Western U.S. is being destroyed. In *SCIENCE* (May 17) you quoted Secretary of the Interior James Watt as saying, "Mining and hunting are not as incompatible as some people would have you think." He's absolutely correct. He comes from out here and knows what he's talking about.

I drive clear across Wyoming at least four times a year, and except for the obvious growth of some of the towns, the countryside looks the same as it did 34 years ago when I moved here from New York. There certainly are impacted areas where oil drilling or mining is going on, but our natural resources have to be developed. What people from heavily populated areas don't realize is that this part of the U.S. is enormous, and the areas being developed are just tiny spots on the map.

Some of my property adjoins three huge coal strip mines, so I know about environmental impact. The game is only temporarily disturbed, and there is lots more country to move to if necessary. I see more deer around the mines than anywhere else. The energy companies are doing a great job of reclamation, and in general they make excellent neighbors—very cooperative and helpful.

Your stories often seem to imply that sensible Westerners, like Secretary Watt, and many ranchers, like myself, aren't environmentalists. On the contrary, we have to take care of the environment to survive, and we love the game we support on our land. Basically, we hate the energy development and wish it would go away. But the ranching business stinks, and the days are over when sheep or cows can make ranching pay. One has to leave land for mineral exploration or in some other way cash in on the energy boom. It's a matter of simple economics.

The biggest threat to our environment is the great American public. Many people have respect for the land, but there are just enough slobos around to mess up the landscape. I have a nice pond on my ranch that is used almost daily by trespassers. They would be welcome if they didn't leave beer cans and other debris around. And, of course, with the development of our energy resources, more and more people like this show up around here. We Westerners and the game will survive, just as Alaska survived the pipeline, but I wish that someone would devote a little more effort to educating the public to respect private property and the public domain.

WALTER J. TAYLOR
Kirby, Mont.

Sir:

If your purpose in printing the Jim Doherty article on Wyoming was to emotionally arouse your readers against oil and gas activities in southwest Wyoming, you may have succeeded. However, a few facts are in order:

- Just as Wyoming's population has almost doubled in recent years, the number of its big game animals—elk, deer and antelope—has also almost doubled in the last 25 years, according to state game and fish figures.

- Mining, plus oil and gas development, only disturbs 1% of Wyoming's surface. Yet, that small acreage provides 60% of the state's tax revenue—a pretty fair trade-off for the temporary use of a small amount of our land.

- The people who live in and love Wyoming are here because they want to work here and also enjoy the recreational opportunities that this wonderful state provides. No one favors the destruction of animals, and, in my opinion, it isn't happening. The statement that 5,000 acres of habitat were lost in one year from seismic detonations is pure rot.

- There isn't a Wyoming organization of any kind that has 25,000 members, as you said the Wyoming Wildlife Federation does.

- With a few exceptions, the people quoted in your article are newcomers who really don't represent the average Wyoming citizen. Many new arrivals representing multimillion-dollar national environmental groups obstruct energy development at every turn, yet they have no economic base in our state.

HARRY ROBERTS
Executive Director
Wyoming Heritage Society
Cody, Wyo.

- A Wyoming Game and Fish Department spokesman says there has been a slight increase in the state's elk and antelope populations in recent years because hunting has been controlled through "open bids." But the

number of deer, for which hunting is not controlled, has decreased considerably as a result of severe winters and increased hunter pressure, much of it from the newcomers in the energy business, many of whom are avid hunters. State officials couldn't cite an exact percentage of surface land disturbed by mining and oil and gas development, but they estimated it to be much higher than 1%. Also, tax revenues from these activities were estimated to be closer to 40% of Wyoming's total than 60%. As for the loss of habitat in one year from seismic blasting in the Bridger-Teton National Forest, SI's 5,000-acre figure is a "conservative" estimate by a U.S. Forest Service wildlife biologist of the amount of high-elevation vegetation lost to wildlife for the 1981 growing season. That figure would apply to 1982 as well. In fact, the disturbance from helicopter noise accompanying some seismic testing may be even more detrimental to certain animals than the temporary loss of vegetation. Reader Roberts is right about the Wyoming Wildlife Federation: It has 2,500 members, not 25,000.—ED.

Sir:

We three West Coast residents are currently backpacking along the length of the beautiful Pacific Crest Trail from Mexico to Canada. We have been and will be passing through some of the wildest areas left in California, Oregon and Washington. Starved for sports news along the way, we obtained and eagerly read the May 17 issue of SI and the fine article by Jim Doherty on Wyoming. The vast majority of Americans just don't realize the extent to which our nation's incomparable wild areas have been plundered by man in the name of progress. The main reason we undertook this trek was to enjoy the beauty of our Far Western wilderness areas while it is still there. But already we have been saddened by the abuses we have seen. Litter has fouled some streams and trails. Dirt bikers have destroyed some fragile desert terrain. Smog from Los Angeles is slowly killing the pine forests of the San Gabriel Mountains.

To those who are raping Wyoming in an underplanned effort to recover that state's natural resources as quickly as possible, we say, "For shame!" It's time to slow down the rush to exploit the land. Careful planning is essential to ensure that the land can be renewed after the oil rigs are gone. Once these areas are gone, they're gone forever.

HARRY R. CARSON
KELLY K. FLOWERS
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Along the Pacific Crest Trail

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19TH HOLE continued

CALIFORNIA RULES

Sir:

In the sidebar accompanying the article on Sugar Ray Leonard (An Uncertain View of the Future, May 24) that described the medical aspects of a detached retina, John Papanek wrote: "No state requires a fighter to undergo an ophthalmological exam before a bout." This is wrong, because California certainly does require an ophthalmological exam before a bout. I am one of several ophthalmologists who perform this examination for the state athletic commission. We have a list of "conditions causing mandatory loss of a boxing license" included among those conditions is "the presence or history of a retinal detachment in either eye whether or not this has been adequately repaired."

MATTHEW A. BERNSTEIN, M.D.
Los Angeles

SUFFERING FOR USC

Sir:

Your editorial concerning cheating at USC (SCORECARD, May 10) pointed out very clearly that USC broke the rules and should be punished. My only complaint is that the people responsible for the "crime" are the ones who should be punished, not innocent players. It seems to me that the high school seniors who this year picked USC because they thought it was the best school for them—and not for any football ticket money—are the ones who are being punished the most. I signed a football Letter of Intent to attend USC in February, before the NCAA probation was announced. I chose to become a Trojan because I like the school and its surroundings, but this means that I have to live with a penalty incurred by others or switch to another school and probably lose some of my eligibility. Why should I be punished? There has to be a better way to discipline a school.

LEONIE B. WHITE
South Belmar, N.J.

LENDI'S RACKET

Sir:

Your May 17 issue included an excellent article on Ivan Lendl by Barry McDermott (No Shuck, No Live and No Letting Up). Unfortunately, there was some misunderstanding regarding the Adidas/Lendl racket you mentioned as being unavailable to the public.

The fact is, the Lendl racket is currently being sold in Europe and, if all goes according to plan, will be marketed in the U.S. late this year.

BART SIGLF
Manager
Advertising and Public Relations
Adidas USA, Inc.
Mountryside, N.J.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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